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PENDLETON IN THE EIGHTEEN THIRTIES

SELECTIONS FROM THE LANGDON CHEVES PAPERS

Copied by SUSAN SMYTHE BENNETT; Edited by SAMUEL G. STONEY

In 1829 Langdon Cheves, ending a career of careers, conformed to the pattern of success in South Carolina by turning planter and preparing to settle his numerous and maturing family as growers of rice or cotton. The Cheveses had been living for ten years in Pennsylvania, so the choice of a cool summering place was particularly desirable for them. Just at this time long established pineland villages in the Low Country began to be panicked out of existence by the invasion of new, or more virulent, sorts of malaria. In 1831 young Andrew Cheves died of such an epidemic when he was summering with his grand-aunt, Mrs. Ann Lovell, at Totnes, in St. Matthews Parish. Langdon Cheves was himself a native of the Up Country, with an inheritance of land and connections there. Pendleton Village was then at the height of its popularity as a summering place for Low Countrymen. Like the younger Thomas Pinckney, who went riding that way after the summer session of the Assembly in 1808, saw, and was conquered by the charms of the land, and at once acquired a farm on Eighteen Mile Creek, a number of planters from the coast had established small self-sustaining places where they might find provisions made, or making, for the establishments they brought up in the hot weather. By 1829 distances in South Carolina had been vastly modified by the river-steamers and the completion of Poinsett's State Road from Charleston to Saluda Gap, on the North Carolina line. A turnpike continuing from it had been carried through Asheville to the Warm Springs. In the year Cheves came south this had carried, among a stream of travellers adventuring that way, Judge Mitchell King, of Charleston, who then began the settlement that became Flat Rock.

In 1831 when the Cheves household first essayed Pendleton, they consisted of the father who was much engaged with his recent "planting interests"; his wife, Mary Elizabeth, who was not in the best of health; her mother, Sophia Heatly Dulles, who had returned, after nineteen years of life in Philadelphia, to make her home with her daughter. Of the younger generation, Sophia Cheves had just married her cousin Charles T. Haskell. Louisa Cheves, who would be Mrs. D. J. McCord, was grown up. Anna, who ten years later would marry Pinckney Huger, a Pendleton neighbor, was a young girl. Langdon II and John were, after the manner of their time and kind, giving trouble with their educations at West Point and other institutions. Charles was a little boy of six, Hayne a baby of two. There was also an older brother, Alexander, then establishing himself in Baltimore.

Among the reasons for the Cheveses wishing to make a semi-permanent settlement at Pendleton was the tragic loss of three sons in 1830-1831. For in addition to Andrew, Joseph, who had reached maturity, had died in Charleston, and they had lost an infant, named David Johnson. The arrival of the pandemic of Asiatic Cholera must also have influenced them.

Sophia Heatly Dulles, born of the predominant planter tribe of St. Matthews, had married Joseph Dulles, an Irishman by birth, a merchant on the Bay, in Charleston, by vocation, before he removed north. Their son, Joseph Heatly Dulles, to whom most of these letters are addressed, continued a family there that now includes John Foster Dulles. Sophia's sister, Ann, was, in her old age, making handsome cotton crops. Her husband, Major James Lovell, who would long outlive her to become the last survivor of the commissioned officers of the Continental Line, and one of the oldest graduates of Harvard, was a good deal of a financial nuisance to the old lady, when he dared be about her, and otherwise one of country's first professional veterans.

Mrs. Dulles complains rather piteously in one of her letters that she writes badly and spells worse. The editor, who may have inherited the latter affliction from her, has taken the liberty of helping out his several times great-grandmother in this respect.

The pistol mentioned in the last letter, which nearly anticipated the Federal shell that killed Langdon II, in Battery Wagner, was one of a pair that had already made some history. By E. Ben, of London, the property of Edward Harleston, of the Low Country, who had settled in Pendleton as a lawyer, they were so celebrated for deadly accuracy that duellists came sixty or seventy miles to make use of them. With one (afterwards marked with a V) Samuel P. Carson killed Robert B. Vance, of Buncombe County, North Carolina, at Saluda Gap in 1827. With them Perry and Bynum fought in those black days of Nullification, that came near driving the Cheveses from Pendleton. Both Bynum and Vance were hit at the choice spot, an inch above the point of the hip.

In his travels, the Englishman, Featherstonhaugh, stopped with the Cheveses at their "villa" near Portman Shoals, and described it in his *Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor*. Originally two rows of log-cabins separated by an avenue some twenty feet wide, it had been unified by building in this avenue a handsome wainscoted hall about eighty feet long. Added to the west end of this was a vestibule with a parlor to the south and a good dining room to the north, so that the whole had "the form of a Latin Cross." The rooms formed from the cabins had that prerequisite of a southern summer house—cross ventilation. The family numbered several asthmatics, who eschewing stairs, esteemed a house without them. When Portman Shoals became a power project the house seems to have been destroyed, but it stood until nearly the beginning of the present century.

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

June 1832

.... I cover with a blanket every night. No Misketers. The market will not bear comparison with Philadelphia. I miss the want of good bread more than anything else. The butter is very good and plenty of poultry is brought to the door and every thing else. There is every reason to expect improvements as the place increases which it does very fast, and settlers are coming. Dr. Rease offers his place for sale. He wishes to remove to a place called Athens, where his wife's family lives. He is not liked here & they know it. Charles is going to school to a Mr. Anderson where a number of boys are going, some in Dearborns, some on horseback, & some walk. The school is near. Charles walks. The churches seem well attended, there are two in sight of us, one the Episcopalian and the other the Presbyterian.

Langdon Cheves to J. H. Dulles

August 1832

.... We are all well. Eating and drinking and acting generally with circumspection lest we may invite the awful destroyer—cholera—among us. We suppose, and perhaps however, may be very wrong, that the common cholera, which is said to be one of the precursors of the Asiatic visitor, is rather more prevalent than in former years—otherwise we are not threatened with any particular signs of its coming.

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

October 1, 1832

.... The neighbors are not as sociable as they were last summer. Politics interrupts Society. All in the neighborhood are Nullifiers except Mr. Cheves and two families of Hugers.¹ Time will show what it will end in. I believe it will cause Mr. Cheves to go some other place for a settlement. They all like this very much—I am sorry on account of your sister—she likes this place. We leave here for Savannah the latter end of the month, by the way of Amelia. I suppose they wont remain above ten days there.
....

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

June 25, 1833

.... Mr. Cheves has bought a place here, we spent yesterday at it. There are no buildings but a few log houses. It is a very pretty place, the Seneca river on one side and the mountains on the other. We dined at the Mill House and spent a very pleasant day. It is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the village—fine water—the climate up here is very like the country places at the North. Nights always cool—an abundance of raspberries—very fine strawberries

¹ Francis Kinloch Huger and Alfred Huger [?].

and cherries, the latter not so common. I suppose it is but a few years since they were planted. The prospect of a great many peaches. Provisions plenty and quite reasonable. An Episcopal Church in the village, their minister from Bluford [Beaufort] a Mr. Barnwell.² Anna and Charles go to school with a number of other children, mostly girls, to the Presbyterian Minister, a Mr. Cater. Mr. Cheves is at a loss where to put John, there have been such riots at Columbia, he would not wish to put another son there. We are making much better accommodation in the house we are in than the one we lived in before—with good outbuildings and every accommodation. It belongs to Dr. Reese. . . .

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

July 18, 1833

. . . . Eliza also mentioned several cases of fever in Totnes, which she apprehended would increase as the Season advanced. I hear of no such sickness in this neighborhood. I saw Dr. Reese yesterday and he confirmed the healthiness of the place. We had a spell of the warmest weather I ever felt in Pendleton, which lasted about two weeks. . . .

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

November 1833

. . . . A young man has lately arrived from the East to take charge of the school. Charles goes to him—he comes well recommended I hope he may answer their expectations. Mr. Barnwell has left this to take charge of a church in Charleston. His congregation was sorry to part with him. Mr. Elliot, a brother of Mrs. Cotesworth Pinckney's, comes up in the Spring and will fill Mr. Barnwell's place. Meantime the family will attend Mr. Cater's church—a Presbyterian Clergyman—who Anna goes to school to, but I expect she will leave it soon and be instructed by Louisa, who is no doubt very capable and well adapted for the business. . . . Mr. Bee and family have arrived and taken possession of the house that was General H[amilton]'s. They have a large family, eight children, two grown daughters. It is a fine healthy country—summers are delightful, seldom too warm—the weather now very fine. It is probable the winters will be wet. Most of the families are gone to their residences in the lower country, we are to remain all the winter. . . .

Mary Elizabeth Cheves to Mrs. Ann Lovell

November 28, 1833

. . . . I have heard nothing from St. Matthews since the departure of Mrs. Warley from this place, . . . We are getting winter, but it is now delightful weather. Almost all our acquaintances have gone down, yet there are a

² William Hazzard Wigg Barnwell, afterwards of St. Peter's Church, Charleston.

few families who remain all the year. Mr. Barnard Bee's family have purchased Genl. Hamilton's place³ and moved up; they are pleasant people and friends of ours. We are within a mile & a half of them. It is a very friendly neighborhood. I have just received a basket of Turnips from Mrs. North & yesterday a dish of sausages from another friend & this is the custom here. . . .

Mary Elizabeth Cheves to Mrs. Ann Lovell

May 3, 1834

. . . . I have before written to you to say how much pleased we would be to see you in Pendleton this summer, & that Mr. Cheves would go for you I am sure, if you feel able and willing to undertake the journey. I think we can offer you fine air, cool spring water, a room down stairs, for we have no stairs to our *Palace*, & more than all a hearty welcome. It is true we are in a very rough state, but nevertheless I hope comfortable. . . . Mr. C. came up three weeks ago & staid two weeks only at home, & left here last week for the plantation again, where he will remain about a month & then return for the Summer early in June. I have been making a great effort to have a *bountiful* vegetable garden this summer, but I find it easier to plan than to execute and that new ground will not produce according to my hopes, notwithstanding all the labour and pains bestowed upon it.

Our friends from below are returning now, Coatsworth Pinckney's family—Dr. Stewart's, Dr. Gibbes', & Mrs. Gaillard's have just arrived. Coln. Huger & his daughters were absent for a couple of months, they have just come back. They will be our nearest neighbors when we remove,⁴ & we are well pleased to have such a pleasant & intelligent family so near us. She, Miss H., has been so kind to perform all my shopping in King Street for us. The damp winter has no doubt confined you very much, but I suppose you sometimes visited King Street to look for bargains. We have lately a fine shop set up here by a man from New York, which is very convenient as we get goods nearly as low as in King St. direct from New York. I saw goods but 8 days away from that city upon his counter in Pendleton!

. . . .

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

May 8, 1834

. . . . We are pretty much in a bussel preparing for our removal to Portman Shoals, the name of Mr. Cheves' place. They began two days ago but it is eight miles off and a great deal to move. We do not expect to be there for

³ Barnard Elliot Bee, father of the celebrated general of the same name, afterwards moved to Texas. Having a numerous family he named the place purchased from Hamilton, the *Bee Hive*.

⁴ At *Long House*. The sundial there was given to the Farmers Society of Pendleton and has stood for nearly a century in front of the portico of their hall.

ten days. Mr. C. has sent up ten negroes which he bought for working at the farm. They add greatly to the trouble of providing for so many. One of them is quite sick, I doubt her recovery. . . . I see nothing like want here, everyone seems to live in Plenty—in quality very inferior to Phila. Market, but plenty is a great blessing. . . . Travelling is brought to such perfection that it really lessens the distance. A person by the name of Frazer from Charles Town came here this winter and opened a store with a great variety of articles as a venture. His partner who lives in New York left that place with a bundle of fancy articles and arrived here the eighth day after, and stayed one day in Charleston and another in Augusta. He showed your sister papers which certified the fact. . . .

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

June 21, 1834

. . . . The family came up ten days before me. I went to Mrs. Langton. We have great confusion the family so large, upwards of thirty and no Market to go to. Beef is killed twice a week by one of the neighbors. I must begin with this place itself which is very handsome. The House on a considerable hill. The Seneca River runs round it. We have a view of the river all round. The hills prevent a full view but there are three views of it which look beautiful when the sun is setting. The river is narrow and does not look clear from the house, but the gentlemen who bathe say it is clear. It abounds with terrapins of various sizes from an inch to 12 and 14 inches. Some fish small for frying and larger fish called Blue Cats.

The house is in a very unfinished state. I will try to give you some idea of it. It is one hundred and twenty two feet long including the piazza in front. A very wide entry runs through the whole, such an entry I never saw, I should say twenty feet wide this I say by guess. As you enter the house has sitting rooms one on each side of the passage. Then begin the bed rooms, four on each side, all the same size, quite large enough to hold two beds. All have fireplaces. At the end two rooms, one a store room the other a library. All the house is to be papered. A gentleman in Savanna sent up the papering. I cant say I admire his choice, it may look better when put up.

Mr. H[askell]'s family arrived a few days ago to spend the summer here. The great disadvantage this place labors under is that of educating the young people. Mr. Ferber does not give general satisfaction. . . . I long to see you all very much. If you find it so hard to get on with your large family in Phila. do you never have it in your mind you might make out better here. This climate is very good, the winters not near so cold and the summers not so oppressive as I have found them even in Phila.—the evenings and nights always pleasant no Misketers. While I speak of the ad-

vantages, Phila. has many over this. You have a place of Worship you can always attend—*not so here*—you have a great variety and much better provisions than can be got here, tho this place is improving very much. As for society there is none better in America. To be sure you would not find such friends as you have in Phila., though the Inhabitants are friendly they seem to wish for no settlers. . . .

Mary Elizabeth Cheves to Mrs. Ann Lovell

Portman Shoals, July 24, 1834

. . . . We are quite comfortable and well in our new settlement, and hope in two or three years to make it a very beautiful place. Nature has done much for the spot. Mr. Rawlins Lowndes, son of Tom L., who married Miss Livingston of New York, & has been living much on the North River,⁵ was up here two evenings ago. He expressed his admiration of the scenery, and says he never saw a prettier place, if so pretty a one there. He is looking out here with a view of settling at the South. . . .

Sophia Dulles to J. H. Dulles

September 1834

. . . . The family here are all in health except poor Langdon who has met with a serious misfortune. The gentlemen of this place have a clubb, which meets every Wednesday in a neighboring field for the purpose of improving themselves in shooting. Langdon in taking his pistol from one hand to the other the pistol went off the bullet entered just under his chin and came out under his ear. Mr. H[askell] standing near him said he was certain he was killed. . . .

⁵ The Hudson [?].

MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES FROM THE CITY GAZETTE
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Contributed by ELIZABETH HEYWARD JERVEY

(Continued from January)

The Friends and Acquaintances of Mr. Benjamin Elliott, and of the late Mrs. Mary Elliott are requested to attend the Funeral of the latter, This Day, at 3 o'clock, at her late residence No. 11 Legare-street, without further invitation. (Tuesday, January 4, 1820)

Married on Sunday evening the 12th December, at St Mark's Church, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Creighton, the Rev. John White Chanler, of this City, to Miss Elizabeth S. Winthrop, eldest daughter of Benjamin Winthrop, esq. of New York. (Wednesday, January 5, 1820)

Married at New-York, on the 23d ult. Lowndes Brown Esq. of this city, to Miss Margaretta Livingston, daughter of John R. Livingston, esq. of the former place. (Wednesday, January 5, 1820)

Departed this life, on the 29th December, in St. Luke's Parish, near Coosawhatchie, Mrs. Mary Dawson, wife of Richard Dawson, sen. aged 57 years and married A.D. 1784. She was raised on John's Island, where she left her friends; she was the daughter of Benjamin and Mary Shaddock. She has left many children and grand children, and a husband to bemoan her loss as a tender mother and affectionate wife. . . . [verse]. (Wednesday, January 5, 1820)

Died, on the 26th December last, after a lingering illness of 15 months, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Stewart, in the 42d year of her age, widow of the late John Stewart, Vendue Master. (Thursday, January 6, 1820)

Died, in Tennessee, on the 11th November last after a short but painful illness, Mrs. Harriet Coulter, aged 34 years, a native of South Carolina, eldest daughter of the late Thomas C. Russell, Esq. She has left a husband, three small children, sister and brothers, and a numerous train of other relations and friends to lament her early loss. (Thursday, January 6, 1820)

The venerable and beloved, as well as Rev. Edmund Botsford, A. M. Minister of the Baptist church, in Georgetown, S. C., whose death was announced in the Winyaw Intelligencer, and in different papers in this city,

as having taken place on the 26th ult., was a native of England, whence he came, at the age of 21, to this city, in the year 1766. Soon after his arrival, he became the subject of most serious Religious concern, under the ministry of the Rev. Oliver Hart, then Minister of the Baptist Church in Charleston. . . . Having spent 4 or 5 years in acquiring an acquaintance with Classical learning, general Science and Theology, under private instructors, he was ordained in the year 1773. His first settlement was in Georgia. . . . On the reduction of Georgia by British troops he fled from his home and joined the American army, in quality of a volunteer chaplain among the militia. . . . On the fall of Charleston, he retired to Virginia but returned in 1782 and settled at Society Hill until 1797, when he removed to Georgetown. . . . For fifteen or more years he suffered the pains of Tic Doulopoux. . . . he suffered bereavements particularly two promising sons, in succession, just as they were rising to manhood. To these also, were added spiritual conflicts, . . . he bore them without repining. . . . a mourning widow, four bereaved daughters, and many affectionate friends feel and mourn the loss they have suffered by his death. (Friday, January 7, 1820)

Died suddenly, on Monday, the 3d inst. in the 57th year of her age Mrs. Mary Elliott, widow of Thomas Odingsell Elliott, and eldest daughter of the late Col. Pinckney. Born to affluence and prosperity, Providence destined her to experience the severest visitations of affliction. . . . A numerous family feel the bereavement of an affectionate parent. (Friday, January 7, 1820)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the late Thomas Horry, Esq., and of Elias Horry, are invited to attend the Funeral of the Former, from his late residence corner of Meeting-street, near South Bay, This Day at 3 o'clock precisely. (Friday, January 7, 1820)

Departed this world, after short illness, on Sunday, the 26th December 1819, Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Mazyck, relict of Alex Mazyck, Esq. aged 67 years and 8 weeks. She had been in delicate health for many preceding months of her life. . . . She faithfully discharged the several relative situations of wife, parent, sister, friend and mistress, with affectionate kindness and humanity. . . . (Saturday, January 8, 1820)

Married on Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Allston Gibbes, Mr. Samuel Burger, to Miss Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. James Gabeau; all of this city. (Saturday, January 8, 1820)

Married, last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. Alexander Black to Mrs. Eliza Shaw, both of this city. (Monday, January 10, 1820)

Married on Monday, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Myers Mr. Allen M'Donald, to Miss Ann Simons Maybery, both of this city. (Tuesday, January 11, 1820)

We deem it a duty to deplore the sudden death of the much loved and respected Captain Jonathan Beaty, of Yorkville, who, in consequence of a violent fall from his horse, was removed to the eternal world on the 15th ult. His wife and numerous family will while they live have reason to lament the loss of a loving husband, a tender, affectionate and industrious father. . . . (Tuesday, January 11, 1820)

Died, on the night of the 5th inst. Thomas Horry, Esq. an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, in the 72d year of his age. (Wednesday, January 12, 1820)

Married, on Saturday, the 8th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Bowen, at the Elms, St. James Parish, Thomas Middleton, Esq. to Mary M. eldest daughter of Henry Izard, Esq. Also on the same Evening Joseph M. Heyward Esq. to Alice, second daughter of Henry Izard, Esq. (Thursday, January 13, 1820)

Married, on Wednesday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mundes, Mr. Daniel S. Gaillard, to Miss Susan Eliza Thompson, both of this city. (Friday, January 14, 1820)

Married, on Wednesday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Reid, Mr. Frederick W. R. Broaders of Sumpter District, to Miss Ann Parker, of this city. (Saturday, January 15, 1820)

Married, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Gadsden, M. P. Mitchell, Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of Joshua Brown esq. of this city. (Saturday, January 15, 1820)

Married, in Sumter District, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cook Mr. William Martial DeLorme, of this city, to Miss Mary Ann White, daughter of Joseph B. White, esq. (Monday, January 17, 1820)

The friends and acquaintances of the late Mr. Robert Stewart, are invited to attend his funeral This Day, at 3 o'clock, from his late residence, Friend street. The members of the Saint George's Society are particularly invited to attend. (Monday, January 17, 1820)

Married on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Gadsden, Mr. John

Hamlin, to Miss Ann, daughter of William Dewees, esq. of this City. (Tuesday, January 18, 1820)

The friends and acquaintances of Henry J. Chalmers, Esq. and his Consort Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers, are invited to attend his Funeral from the corner of Beaufain and Coming streets at 3 o'clock This Afternoon. (Wednesday, January 19, 1820)

Married, on Tuesday, by the Right Rev. Dr. Bowen, Robert C. Ludlow Esq. of New York, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Wm. B. Peters, esq. (Thursday, January 20, 1820)

Died, in this city, on Tuesday morning last, the 18th instant, the Rev. Anthony Forster, A. M. late Pastor of the Second Independent Church in Charleston, S. C. aged 33 years. Mr. Forster had lingered for upwards of two years under declining health, which gradually weakened the springs of life. . . . Mr. Forster was a native of this State, and received his education at our University. . . . his Lectures on Moral Philosophy, (delivered at Charleston) were considered as a most enlightening system of Ethics. . . . *Raleigh Register* (Tuesday, January 25, 1820)

Died on James Island, a few days ago, Mr. Wm. Webb, of St. Bartholomew's Parish, in the 38th year of his age. (Friday, January 28, 1820)

Died on the 22d December, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great fortitude Mr. William Scott, Millwright, aged 44 years, a native of Ireland, but for the last sixteen years a resident of this place. (Thursday, February 3, 1820)

Died, on board schr. Ostrich, of Plymouth, Thomas Haraden, master, Richard B. Summer, Mariner on board, by a fall from the wharf, aged 21 years, a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts. (Thursday, February 3, 1820)

Departed this life, on Monday, 17th January, after a short but painful illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers consort of Major Henry J. Chalmers, aged thirty-one years, one month and fourteen days, leaving a husband, two daughters, with many relatives and friends to bemoan her loss. (Saturday, February 5, 1820)

Died, at Havana, on the 8th ult. after a lingering illness Mrs. Susan L. Osgood, widow of the late Joseph Osgood, of the U. S. Navy, and youngest

daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Mann of New-York. She has left many friends in this city to bemoan their loss. (Monday, February 7, 1920)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the late Jacob Axson, and those of Jacob Axson Jun. are requested to attend the Funeral of the former, at his late residence West end of Tradd-street, To-Morrow Morning, at 9 o'clock, without further invitation. (Tuesday, February 8, 1820)

Married on Tuesday evening last. by the Rev. Dr. Furman, Mr. A. C. Gourley, to Miss Rebecca Sloeman, both of this city. (Saturday, February 12, 1820)

Departed this life on the 1st February, in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Martha Terry, wife of Thomas Terry, Union District. . . (Saturday, February 12, 1820)

Married, near Sumpterville, on Thursday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, and William Spann, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Henry Britton, Esq. all of that place. (Friday, February 18, 1820)

The Friends and acquaintances of Mr. & Mrs. John M. Ogier, are invited to attend the Funeral of the latter, from the residence of Mr Lewis Ogier, Anson-street, at 10 o'clock This Morning. (Saturday, February 19, 1820)

Married, on the 17th inst. at the Round O, by the Rev. Mr. Lee, Dr. Joseph M. Dill, to Regina, daughter of the late Jacob Alison, Esq. (Monday, February 21, 1820)

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. & Mrs. D. Croker, are requested to attend the funeral of their Mother, Mrs. Hichborn, without further invitation, This Afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from their residence No. 11, Tradd street. (Monday, February 21, 1820)

Married, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bachman, Mr. Peter D. Foot of New-York, to Miss Catherine S. A. Lafar, of this city. (Tuesday, February 22, 1820)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the Rev. Dr. Flinn; the Rev. the Clergy and the Members of the different Congregations, particularly those of the Second Presbyterian Church; also the different Societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend his Funeral from his late residence on

South-Bay, This Afternoon, at 3 o'clock. [Three notices follow: The Officers and members of the Charleston Bible Society, of which he was Vice-President. The Officers and members of the Fellowship Society, signed by R. Y. Livingston, Sec. The Officers and members of the Religious Tract Society of Charleston.] (Saturday, February 26, 1820)

To the editors of the Boston Patriot. "Newport (R. I.) Feb. 15 "William Ellery, Esq. one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and for thirty years Collector of this port, died this afternoon, after a short illness, in the 94th year of his age." (Monday, February 28, 1820)

Melancholy Accident! Died on Saturday, the 5th instant, Mr. Andrew Robinson, of this District, by a fall from his horse. He was returning from muster, in company with several others, on the road between the house of Mr. Archibald Harris and Christopher Orr's-store, some of the company determined to run their horses. Mr. Robinson was chosen to be a judge of the race; he with another young man pitched upon to be the other judge, set off to take their stand at the other end of the race ground; on the way Robinson's horse ran him against a tree, and distressing to relate, gave him a deadly wound. Medical aid was procured without delay, but in about fifteen or twenty minutes after the physician arrived, the patient expired. His head was bruised, several ribs broken, the fractured ends of which were supposed to have pierced his lungs. Mr. Robinson was in the prime of life; he has left a wife and three children to lament his sudden and unexpected death. Pendleton, S.C. Messenger February 16. (Wednesday, March 1, 1820)

Married, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. P. H. Folker, Mr. Martin J. Lloyd, of this city, to Miss Eliza Freeman, of Claremont, Sumpter District. (Saturday, March 4, 1820)

Died, at Darien, (Georgia) on the 26th ult. Mr. Solomon Hart, a native of this city aged 18 years. (Saturday, March 4, 1820)

Died, at Matanzas, on the 15th February, in the 57th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Durbec, a native of Marseilles, France, and a resident of this place for twenty-eight years. He has left a widow and six children to lament their loss. (Saturday, March 4, 1820)

A seaman named Edward Durant, supposed to be insane, last night threw himself overboard from the schr. Clio (of Boston) Capt. Seward,

while lying in the Roads. He was a native of Salem, where he has left a wife and children. The body has not been found. *Times* (Friday, March 10, 1820)

The Editor of the City Gazette has received a letter dated 28th from Michael Hogan Esq. Agent of the U. S. at Havana, requests him to notice the death at that place, on the 23d, of Doctor Joshua N. Rigely, of Little River, N. Carolina. Dr. Rigely took passage in December last for this port, on board the sloop Nancy, Capt. Hatch. The Nancy was blown off the coast, after being out 28 days in hard gales, the Mate and two Negro Sailors having perished, the survivors, Captain Hatch, Dr. Rigely and one negro Sailor were taken from the wreck by the brig Phoebe from Castine. Dr. Ridgely was attacked by the Fever on the 20th, notwithstanding the attendance of Drs. Morril and Gage, who volunteered their service he died on the 23d and was buried the same afternoon. . . . (Saturday, March 11, 1820)

[By Request]

Departed this life, at Savannah, 3d September, 1815, Lieutenant Moses Arnen Roberts, aged 35 years, consort of Eliza S. Roberts. He left a widow and three children to lament his loss. (Saturday, March 11, 1820)

The Friends and Acquaintances of Capt. Henry D. Hill, are invited to attend his Funeral from his late residence, No. 98 East-Bay without further notice, This Afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Charleston Marine Society are also respectfully invited. (Saturday, March 11, 1820)

The Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. Elizabeth Gibbs and Miss Angelina M. Gibbs are invited to attend the Funeral of the latter, from her late residence, No. 21 Church street, This Morning at 9 o'clock, without further invitation. (Wednesday, March 15, 1820)

Married, on Thursday evening, 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Galluchat, Mr. Richard Avery Taylor, of Richmond Va. to Miss Ann Elliott, of this city. (Thursday, March 16, 1820)

Died, on the 8th inst. after an illness of 24 days, of the typhus fever, at her plantation in Union District, Mrs. Nancy Gist, widow of the late Col. Francis Gist of this place. (Saturday, March 18, 1820)

Married, on Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Gadsden, Mr. Charles A Magwood, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Col. Charles O'Hara. (Monday, March 20, 1820)

(To be continued)

THE MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK ADOLPHUS PORCHER

Edited by SAMUEL GAILLARD STONEY

(Continued from January)

CHAPTER XII

TEN YEARS, 1838-1848

There are no ten years of my life, the memory of which affords so little satisfaction as those that now lie immediately before me. I saw myself gradually becoming poorer. I felt myself gradually becoming inefficient, indifferent; my energy was leaving me. I was not intended for a planter, I can say unhesitatingly, for my personal history since that time will abundantly prove the truth of my assertion that though by nature indolent and fond of ease, I have never shrunk from any amount of toil, of exposure, and of fatigue, if the doing of any necessary thing depended upon my exertions, or the exhibition of my energy; but as a planter I failed. It was not from the want of intelligence; my knowledge of the planter's business and profession was equal to that possessed by my neighbours; but it was in the practical application of my knowledge that I failed. I was imposed upon by my negroes. I was a bad judge of men's characters, and was badly treated by my overseers. I was a bad manager of money, and found it hard to pay my debts. The consequence of all was that I was a bad planter, a bad master, a bad manager, and when I looked my growing family in the face, and reflected that they must perhaps sink because I had been faithless, the reflection even deprived me of the comfort and enjoyment which nature has offered to man in giving him children.

I had arranged to spend my summers in Charleston, a mistake on my part. I know not whether I would have done better, had I made the country my home; but I would have spent less money. I would have gone less deeply into debt, and at all events I would have had the satisfaction of being at my post, even if I neglected my duty there.

Information reached us by a servant of my brothers, that the City of Charleston was destroyed by fire. This was on the 27th of April 1838, the memorable great fire which effaced the memory of all preceding fires; but which has in its turn been forgotten in the greater calamity of the fire of December, 1861. A few days afterwards I went to Charleston and found it indeed a melancholy ruin. Governor Butler called the Legislature together to devise some relief to the inhabitants, and to furnish the means of rebuilding the ruined city. I attended; we were a little over a week in session. The measure of relief devised was to borrow two millions of

dollars, which should be deposited in the Bank of the State of South Carolina and added to its capital, with a provision entitling holders of lands devastated by the fire to borrow certain proportional amounts, to be received in instalments as the progress of rebuilding proceeded, and the loan to be secured by a mortgage of the property to the Bank. As it was a bill to increase the Capital of the Bank by two additional millions, it was favourably received even by those who were indifferent to the interests of the city. But I heard many intelligent Charleston merchants declare that money could be procured on better terms than those prescribed by the Legislature. This may be so, but at all events here was a fund provided from which anyone could borrow, who had a piece of land on which he desired to rebuild a house.

The next point was, where was this money to come from? Money was to be had in London at three per cent, it might even be had lower, it would be madness therefore to attempt to sell the bonds at home. The public voice demanded that Mr. McDuffie should be sent to London to negotiate the loan. He went, and I believe was utterly unsuccessful. The truth is our people were very ignorant. They supposed that because the ordinary rate of discount at the Bank of England was three per cent that a state, scarcely known, known only as one of the United States, which had not scrupled to repudiate their debts, could sell two millions on the same terms. They were utterly ignorant that when the British government was raising money by their three per cent bonds, they did not sell them for more than sixty or seventy at the utmost and that their pretended three per cents were in fact five if not six per cent. But it was thought that Mr. McDuffie was great in everything, and that he would be as persuasive among the London brokers as he had been among the Carolina Planters. He went and he returned, and then Judge Colcock, the President of the Bank quietly negotiated the bonds in New York and raised the money for the rebuilding of Charleston.

The summer was intensely hot and it was particularly oppressive when passing through the burnt district and as all the shade trees had been taken away by the policy of the council of the last summer the calamity was more severely felt than it would otherwise have been. Towards the end of July I left the City on an excursion into the interior, my destination was not determined. I had a vague notion of getting as far as the Virginia Springs, but made my way directly for Greenville. I travelled in my own carriage, and my horses as well as ourselves suffered so much that I determined after the second day from Aiken to travel only early in the morning and late in the evening, so that we would start at four A.M. and travel until nine or ten, then rest all day and towards sunset travel from six to ten miles. In this way we reached Greenville in good order. After stay-

ing here a short time I became satisfied that it was decidedly worse than Charleston, so I started for the Virginia Springs, going by way of Asheville and down the French Broad, then by Greenville and Blountville, Tenn., entering Virginia near Abingdon, and then turning gently to the north west. On our way to Greenville, Tenn., I stopped at the house of a Mr. Fowk, and he very kindly guided our party over a cave on his farm, which presented when illuminated with candles the usual phenomena of a limestone cave; i.e., clear and cold water, stalactites and stalagmites. Almost immediately upon entering we are wrapped in such terrific darkness, that in spite of the aid of our torches it required a moral effort to persuade us to go on. In fact the servants who accompanied us lost their courage. Those whose courage failed first had not yet got into the region of total darkness, and they made their way out; but the others were obliged to wait in the horrible darkness until we returned to relieve them.

The first Spring I visited was the Grey Sulphur, owned and kept by Mr. John D. Legaré of Charleston. He kept his house well, and had been pretty well patronized at first, but the water of his Spring had so little of the Sulphur about it that people could not be persuaded that it had any tonic or healing virtues. The popularity of a Mineral Spring depends upon its nastiness, and there was very little about Mr. Legaré's spring to distinguish it from common spring water. As our destination was not health but curiosity, we soon left the Grey, and proceeded to the Salt Sulphur. This was very popular with the South Carolina people. A pretty large party was there, the most important of whom were people from our own state. This made our residence there very pleasant. Judge Huger and Dr. Benj. Huger were there, and Mr. Wainwright Bacot, John Harleston and many others whom I have forgotten. I ought not to forget Mr. Poinsett, he was if I mistake not, at that time Mr. Van Buren's secretary. Whilst I was there Mr. Van Buren visited the Springs. Some demonstration of respect was made him, in which I joined, so far as to go and be introduced to him. The Ball of the evening was rather more elaborately got up than usual. Mr. Van Buren went round the room paying his respects to the ladies. To my surprise every lady whom he approached rose as he addressed her, and continued standing as long as the interview lasted. There were but two exceptions and I was proud to see that one of them was my wife, the other was Mrs. Poinsett; and really Mr. Van Buren seemed to appreciate the good sense which treated him like a gentlemen and not as the President, for he continued his attentions to these ladies much longer than to those who rose. It is but fair, to add however that these ladies were supposed by many to have shown their want of a knowledge of etiquette. But in truth the practice of rising when addressed by the President is a vulgar imitation of an English custom in the case of a Monarch. The President is only the

first citizen of the Republic, and is entitled to no greater demonstration in a ball-room than any other respectable citizen.

The house at the Salt Sulphur was well kept by Messrs Erskine and Caruthers, the proprietors. But it possessed one very serious objection, Mr. Caruthers was deformed with a shocking hare-lip, and he was always assiduously and courteously attending to his guests. I could not but think that the ladies would have cheerfully dispensed with his services. The Spring itself, the water of which is highly purgative, is an abominable mixture of rotten eggs, glauber salts and sulphuretted hydrogen.

From the Salt Sulphur we proceeded to the White. Here everything was a medley of confusion. The place was over run with company, and all that the proprietor did for them was to provide ample food and lodgings. In the service of the meals the wildest disorder prevailed. One was hardly secure of the dish which lay before him. All the meats were dressed in one cauldron so that the best mutton in the country had the flavour of ham, and the best hams of Virginia were flavoured with mutton. The water of this Spring is more agreeable than that of the Salt Sulphur; in fact after a few days one likes it.

I have been trying to remember what persons I met at these Springs, but all is a blank. It seems to me that I must have lived by myself, for I have not any recollection of persons. I there saw Mrs. Levert¹ who has since then become somewhat of a literary character. I had heard of her as Miss Walton, the greatest belle in the country. She was now the wife of Dr. Levert of Alabama. I think I discovered the secret of her power of pleasing. She appeared to be and I believe was perfectly amiable, was rather small, rather under than over the middle stature, with a figure by no means good, and a face that owed more to a good humoured expression than to any power or beauty of feature for its charms; but there was a warmth and cordiality in her manner that was irresistible. She never forgot a face nor a name. I believe she never forgot one's connections, for she recognized my wife as soon as she was introduced by her new name, and enquired after her Aunts, Mrs. Wilkes and Miss Lightwood. Perhaps I was in an ill humour and fastidious but it seemed to me that there was a touch of vulgarity about her, which added to her popularity. A very highly bred woman, though perfectly affable, yet preserves always a repose which is a sort of rebuke to the underbred, and is an obstacle to universal popularity. But there was no repose in Mrs. Levert; she was perpetually in motion, and continuously noisy. I have seen her at the Sweet Springs, where the Cabins are arranged on each side of a street, walk down the street, and address every cabin with a

¹ Octavia Walton Levert, or Le Vert, born in Augusta, Georgia, lived in Mobile, Alabama. Her literary reputation is said to have proved greater than her actual accomplishment. Her only publication was *Souvenirs of Travel*.

pleasant word and that too in a voice so loud that it could distinctly be heard all over the grounds. Her mother, Mrs. Walton, was with her, and not infrequently both would be dancing in the same cotillion. Mrs. Levert always of course had more offers for a dance than she could accept, she very often would say with irresistible sweetness, "Oh! I am so sorry, I am engaged; but there's Ma without a partner;" and the mother would be invited and would gaily join the young dancers. Mrs. Levert has lately been a European traveller, and has published a clever account of her travels, but her vulgarity is shown in her name; she is no longer Mrs. Levert, but Madame LeVert.

Our next visit was to the Hot Springs and to the Warm Springs, which are on the top of the mountain. At the former we had a painful exhibition of neuralgic and rheumatic patients who had come hither in the hope of gaining restoration. I was delighted with what they called the pleasure bath, a large circular pool ninety feet in diameter and upwards of five feet in depth. The temperature of the water as it issues from the Spring is 106° by the time it reaches the bath it is cooled down to about 98° .

Returning I visited the Sweet Springs. This I believe, is the oldest place of resort among all this group of springs. The water is a Chalybeate. The place was the resort at this time of the Lewises of South Carolina and their cousins the Floyds of Virginia. I there saw the late Governor, and General, John Floyd, a very intelligent, gentlemanlike man. The last of these Springs that I visited was the Red Sulphur, which has the peculiar property of reducing the circulation of the system. After a short time spent here, as September was now coming to a close, we turned our horses heads homewards. I determined to take a new route, and return through the middle region of North Carolina. The mountain ridge on which these springs are situated is descended by Goodes Spur, not a gap, but a spur whose slope is so easy as to make a good site for a road. I can conceive nothing so imposing as the view from this spur, just before the descent begins. You look to the east and south and there is nothing to intercept your view except the sphericity of the earth's surface. At that time the whole scene below was one dark unbroken mass of forest. The open farms and villages bore too small a proportion to the whole to break the forest, and in the distance Pilot Mountain arises to break the apparent dead level between you and the ocean. I wished very much to spend the night at a house on the brow of the hill, so that I might have a sunrise view of this sublime prospect; but the house entertained no travellers, so after spending about an hour enjoying the scene, we commenced the descent and were obliged to stop for the night at a vile Inn at the foot of the mountain. The next day we reached the Moravian settlement and town of Salem. Most of the distinctive traits of this sect have been softened down. We

were invited to attend an exhibition of the Female School under the direction of these people. I dare say the girls acquitted themselves well in their respective parts, but I was struck with the stiffness which characterized them all. If they had come to school to learn to be stiff, they would all have to undergo the process of unlearning on their return home; and I believe this is true of all country female schools. The girls have not the advantage of learning manners by intercourse with good society. They acquire a sort of conventional seminary manner at school and are utterly destitute of any individual character. That has to be developed thereafter when contact with the world will have broken the crust of stiffness and affection which has been spread over her at school.

From there by long and forced journeys we passed to Salisbury and Charlotte; thence into South Carolina by way of Yorkville, and a journey through a wild and rugged country to the Limestone Springs in Spartanburg district. This was something of a Low Country speculation. A large mass of limestone, a boulder I suppose, being found in this granite country, a company purchased it, erected lime-kilns for burning the lime, and a large brick hotel for the accommodation of visitors. Several Low Country people made this their summer residence. Dr. Henry Ravenel had done so since the appearance of the fatal fever in Pineville. I found my brother and his family here, and after spending a few days we resumed our journey, reaching Charleston by Columbia and spending a night at Somerton.

During my absence I was again elected to represent St. John's Parish in the Legislature. These repeated expressions of good will were owing to no effort on my part; for since the first election in 1832 I had never been at home at the election season. In 1834 and 1838 I was in the upper country and in 1836 in Europe. Dr. Peter P. Palmer was still my colleague, and the Senator was Mr. John H. Dawson who was sent to the Legislature for I know not what sort of merit. He was not a large property holder, he was a close narrow-minded man, little enlarged by education and contracted by reflection. He had a favourite scheme of establishing a large Parish school in every district and parish, to which all persons should be compelled to send their children. He was always inclined to rebuke me for my frequent absences from my parish.

Among the Charleston delegation Judge Huger sat in the House, and A. Gordon Magrath, I believe, made his first appearance there. About twenty years before this time Judge Huger was said to have been supreme in the Legislature. His word was law, now he was a bore, he was always up, making long and dull speeches, and he wore out the patience of the members. And yet in private he was very agreeable, few men I liked better to meet. Soon after this he was elected to the Senate of the United States.

Magrath was just beginning his career. Clever, affable, witty and good

humoured, he was exceedingly popular. He had a certain amount of strength in the Irish vote, but he was generally so acceptable to all that he did not need that very equivocal sort of support. Everyone looked favourably upon him and I believe no one grudged him the laurels that he won. A great deal of the odium into which he subsequently fell proceeded from pecuniary embarrassment. He had sacrificed himself to save his father's reputation, and unfortunately found himself reduced to such straits that his own became seriously involved.

There was nothing important before the Legislature this session. A new governor was to be elected and a party worked actively to place Ben Elmore in that office. Elmore was a politician, an intriguing and a managing politician, and I never could discover a single merit that he had to give him a claim to this office. His brother, Franklin Elmore, was a very different sort of a man. He was not only a gentleman in his manners, but he was also a man of more than ordinary cleverness, and I believe was not unworthy of the position of United States Senator in which he died. Elmore's party went bragging into the election, but my friend Mr. Noble of Abbeville was elected by a very handsome majority. As a sort of salve for a defeat which had been sustained by Dr. B. K. Hannegan of Darlington he was elected Lieutenant Governor, and he had the fortune to succeed, for Governor Noble died long before his term of office expired.

Soon after my return home my brother began to show unmistakably the symptoms of approaching dissolution, and I seldom left him. After a visit to Charleston for the purpose of consulting Dr. Dickson, he left home with me in pursuance of his advice to seek a more genial atmosphere in the middle country. On the third day after leaving Cedar Spring, we reached Orangeburg, and when there I was satisfied that his travels in this world were over. He proposed starting the day after we got there, but I insisted that after three days travel he should stop for rest. The next day he was still ready to proceed, though his mind was wandering; but I told him as it was Sunday he must remain where he was and before three o'clock he died. I think it was on the 14th of April, 1839. The next day I started early with his body and reached Pineville that evening, where the funeral was performed the next day, and he was buried at the Old Field plantation, where our father and our grandfather lie. He left a wife and two children, the youngest of whom, a boy, was born just a month before his death. By the time I could get his widow to Charleston the Spring was so far advanced that it was almost useless to return to the country. But my wife, who had remained in Charleston ever since the marriage of her sister in March with Dr. Edward North, proposed going up for about ten days, which we did, after which we returned to town.

In June of this year I became a father. On the 22nd of that month our

eldest boy was born. When I had been a father before, I knew that the infant would soon be taken away and really felt very little for it, but here was a healthy child which promised to live. He was named Edward Gough after his uncle who had died a few months before our marriage. How vain now seem all the emotions and affections which the birth of that child called forth! I was then in my 30th year and I thought that I could scarcely expect to live to see him arrive to manhood. He lived twenty six years, and died,² leaving me in the midst of a struggle for the daily bread of my family.

This summer too I visited the Back Country. Mr. & Mrs. Wilkes the Aunt and Uncle of my wife went with us. Our views did not extend beyond a visit to the healthy regions of our own State; a few weeks were spent in Greenville some time in Asheville and at the Warm Springs in North Carolina. We then crossed the Blue Ridge at the Hickory Nut Gap, and by way of Rutherfordton went to the Limestone Springs. After a short sojourn there we returned to Greenville, and paying a visit to Pendleton, we returned to Charleston by way of Columbia and Pineville. The incidents of travel, the persons whom we saw are almost entirely obliterated from my memory. I know not what was the matter with me. I did not mingle freely with the world. If I associated with planters, I felt painfully conscious that I was out of my place, for I was not so much a planter, as a man living upon the proceeds of planting. The habits engendered by this sort of life unfitted me for all application to any other pursuit. I cared not to associate with politicians, for I had become disgusted with the whole subject, and set no value upon political distinctions.

But I must say a word of my companions. Mrs. Wilkes, the Aunt of my wife was the youngest but one of six (Lightwood) sisters. The youngest, Mrs. Robert J. Turnbull, had died a short time before I married. Mrs. Wilkes was one of the most accomplished society ladies I ever saw. Her manners were eminently engaging, and whatever society she mixed with recognized her immediately as its queen. Nor were her manners in private such as to prove any contrast with her public manners. They were good, warm and affectionate. She was sometimes open to the charge of insincerity, for her professions were too warm and too general but she was a very amiable woman. She was older than her husband, a fact of which she was rather ashamed, and I believe that fact, without her being aware of it, affected her manners, leaving her to assume more of youth than really belonged to her; but she never committed the folly of pretending girlish or young womanish affectations, on the contrary her deportment was always dignified. She had never had any children, and seemed to devote herself to

² He died October 16, 1865.

the two daughters of her sister, especially my wife. Her letters were admirable productions. I have never enjoyed any reading of its kind more than I have done her letters written to her niece during her occasional travels. As a raconteur and reporter of what she saw, neither Lady Wortley Montague nor Madame de Sevigné surpassed her. I have always regretted that I suffered her letters to perish. For some years before she died her memory failed her so completely that she scarcely recognized her friends, but her admirable courtesy and blandness of manner never deserted her; they distinguished her to the end. Her husband, John Wilkes, was a native of New York. He was a grand nephew of the celebrated John Wilkes of Parliamentary notoriety, whose brother emigrated to America. He had been a New York merchant and in that capacity, during the war of 1812, more than once sailed the Atlantic under British protection. His connections both in England and New York were of the best in social position, so that his manners were always gentlemanlike. On his marriage he came to live in Charleston and embarked in commercial life and failed, subsequently he did business as a factor. He was a very tall man of herculean frame and very handsome face; but though large and handsome his figure was ungainly and he seemed to totter from weakness. He was very jovial, very convivial and his articulation, never very distinct, was almost unintelligible after he had taken a few glasses of wine. His manners were eminently popular, and like his wife whenever he appeared in certain company he easily made himself its leader. He unconsciously made two enemies this summer, by the easy manner in which he forced himself into the lead. When we arrived at the Warm Springs, on the French Broad, we found that the two leading men of the place were Mr. Edward Carew, and Mr. Richard S. Cogdell, of Charleston. Mr. Carew had a carriage and a pair of horses, and at a watering place this always gives the owner a sort of distinction and a claim to consideration, as he is potential in forming pleasure parties. Mr. Cogdell who piqued himself upon the elegance of his manners was supreme director of the Interior. He governed the ball room.

When Mr. Wilkes arrived his position was this: he had his own carriage and three horses, I had my three horses and carriage and Mr. Andrew Johnston of Charleston went there with us with his carriage and three or four horses. All these carriages and horses Mr. Wilkes used as his own, and with this immense force he completely took the wind out of Mr. Carew's sails. But it was not enough for him to rule outside. He entered the interior and without the least hesitation, without even intending to do it, he usurped Mr. Cogdell's place. There was about him such a hearty enjoyment of everything, he entered so completely into the sports of the young people, that they at once hailed him as their king, and, before he had been there twenty four-hours, he was undisputed King of the Springs and Master

of Ceremonies. Mr. Cogdell was one of the best specimens of a *petit maitre* I ever saw. He looked for elegance, where others sought only utility, a very nice observer of small proprieties. I can not say that he was either much liked or respected in Charleston. Finally abandoning his family he went to live in Pennsylvania. The following anecdote will illustrate what I mean by saying that he was a nice observer of small proprieties. The Mayor of Charleston T. L. Hutchinson, one day dined with him, and having greatly admired a certain wine which was served at dinner, he wrote a note to him the next day to ask where the same could be obtained. Several days passed without an answer. One morning Cogdell went to the Mayor's office with an open letter in his hand, which he laid before Hutchinson, begging to be informed whether the name subscribed to it was his. It was the note about the wine. Hutchinson replying that it was his, Cogdell thanked him for the information, and went out without another word. In the course of the day an answer to the note was sent. Hutchinson's name was so badly written as to be utterly illegible; but surely almost any other man would have taken that opportunity of giving the desired information.

One of the distinguished habitués of these regions spending every summer in Greenville with visits to Asheville, the Warm Springs &c. was Mr. Benjamin Allston, of Georgetown. He was a venerable old man, rather deaf but very fond of company. He had been a very successful man, commencing life I believe as an overseer. By means of industry and thrift he had become one of the richest rice planters on the Waccamaw. He was an amiable old man, taking a just pride in his success, he was ever ready to assist others, always with advice, frequently with more material aid and invariably with his sympathy. He was a keen judge of character and knew how to distinguish between affectation and pretension, and genuine merit. I always thought better of myself because Mr. Allston seemed inclined to cultivate my acquaintance. His conversation was that of an utterly uneducated man. His language was like a negro's, not only in pronunciation, but even in tone. He was deaf. Such persons generally get into the habit of speaking in such a low tone as not to be easily heard, but it was not so with him. His voice was very loud and he could always be distinctly heard. One night a travelling phrenologist gave us a lecture upon the new science, he illustrated afterwards by undertaking to read characters by the phrenological developments. Mr. Allston was a patient assistant during the lecture and he looked curiously upon the professor as he was manipulating the heads of his subjects, and pronouncing their characters. At last he said, in tones which were heard distinctly all over the room, "Well, I h'aint seen sich a sight since I was a little shaver, when my Mammy used to sarch my head for creepers." He was precise and accurate in everything

that he did or said. A gentleman asked him once when he would start for the Low Country. This question was asked in midsummer and the enquirer expected only a general answer, which would fix nothing absolutely but give only a general notion. The answer was "Well, sir, I had intended to leave Greenville on the 18th of October but day before yesterday I changed my mind and I shall not start before the 20th." This was spoken in August.

Another character was at Greenville this summer, whom I mention because I believe he was a rare specimen of a rare race, and one which I suspect passed away with him. This was Mr. F—— C——, my father's first cousin. The inheritor of great wealth, he used it only for his own enjoyment, in his later years at least, finding great enjoyment in seeing it accumulate. He was lawless and reckless, and as his violent humour did not permit his equals to associate with him he was surrounded by inferiors and became a tyrant. He used to express the greatest abhorrence of marriage. He kept a mistress whom he discovered to be faithless, but whom he could not utterly discard because she had borne him a daughter who had entwined herself about his affections. This girl he determined to acknowledge as his heiress, and she was sent to England to be out of the way of her mother's reach. In his controversies with men, he was apt to be his own avenger. As he was wary and cautious, taking one always when off guard, it somehow happened that he was seldom punished for his outrages. One day I had lingered behind the company at dinner to get something for my child's nurse. Mr. C—— was standing at the table with a decanter in his hand. On seeing me he said he wanted me to stay with him. Mr. Warley, too, had remained a little longer than the rest of the company and, seeing Mr. C—— with a decanter, made some jest about it as he passed. He too was requested to wait and Mr. Coleman, the landlord, was called. I confidently expected to hear an order for wine which he proposed to enjoy in our company. On Coleman's coming up, C—— said something about the arrangement of the seats at table, and as soon as Coleman began to reply, C—— knocked him down with the decanter. In an instant he was at a side table where was a tray with knives, one of which he seized. I ran to hold him, but he was more than my match and I called Warley to come to my aid. With his assistance we disarmed him, and took him out of the room. Mrs. Coleman very calmly ordered his things to be instantly turned into the street. Coleman of course commenced a prosecution and Warley and I were bound over to appear as witnesses; but being unwilling to put us to the inconvenience of attending at an inconvenient season, our bonds were returned to use before we left for the Low Country; I forget how the court served C——.

Major Warley was a happy illustration of the effect of a life spent in such places of summer resort. He planted in St. Johns, and was I believe a

good manager; but his summers were spent in Greenville at a Hotel. He shifted his seat from one side of the street to the other to enjoy the shade, apparently indifferent whether he had company or not. When he could find whist players, he would devote the whole day and sometimes the whole night to cards. The whole summer seemed to be spent in anxiously looking for the Autumn when he might return to a place where occupation would dispel ennui.

Among the gentlemen that I frequently met this summer was James H. Hammond, formerly a member of Congress and afterwards Governor of the State and if I mistake not, United States Senator. I think it was a misfortune to this gentleman that early in life he married a woman of large fortune.³ As a poor young man he was active, energetic and in fact made the reputation which advanced him after he became wealthy. Now he was indolent, exerted himself only by fits and starts, and as he was very dyspeptic he frequently occasioned surprise to strangers who could see nothing in him, but a man advanced to dignity because he was very wealthy. He was an amiably indolent man, but I must add that he is the only intelligent man I ever knew in my life whom I considered to be a "purse proud man"; he evidently and palpably valued himself more on account of his possessions than upon any of those intellectual powers for which the people admired him. I was forcibly struck in the several conversations which I had with him and his brother-in-law, Mr. Paul FitzSimons, with the fact that the system of slavery is radically opposed to the true prosperity of a country. Land, with them, was only a field in which negro labour could be profitably exercised. It was to be used so long as its natural fertility made its culture profitable, and then abandoned for other fresh lands which in their turn were to be abandoned also. The idea of improving land by the use of manure was chimerical. It could be done certainly, but at a cost far greater than would be insured by the purchase of new and fresh fertile soils. Thus according to their system the negroes were to pass over the soil like a blight, or like a flight of locusts, destroying all the sweetness that nature had given to it, and leaving it a barren waste to frighten the adventurer who might follow. This is really the history of some of the old districts of this State. In this way the parishes of St. James, Goose Creek, St. Georges and St. Pauls have been stripped of their wealth and importance. An industrious rural population is a source of permanent wealth to a state, though other lands hold out strong inducements to emigration, the bulk of the people must remain at home, however poor their lands, because the act of moving itself involves an expense which they are unable to meet. And the very necessity which compels them to remain at home, compels them also to use

³ Catherine, daughter of Christopher FitzSimons, of Charleston.

all the means within their reach to improve their lands. But when the labouring class is a body of slaves, and only so much capital, its destiny depends upon the decision of the Capitalist. Hence the prosperity of a state cultivated by slaves is fictitious. It is the prosperity only of certain persons in the state, and as soon as their interest or their caprice impels them to a change of their field of operations, the apparent prosperity of the state vanishes. When Catherine II, of Russia, visited the newly conquered territory of the Crimea, her journey through the almost impenetrable forests of South eastern Russia were so contrived by Potemkin that every night she stopped at a flourishing town. These towns had been sent in advance by the minister to add a grace to the triumphant progress of the Autocrat. Almost as evanescent is the prosperity of a country whose labour consists in slaves.

On returning home this fall I determined not to go to Columbia unless sent for. I thought my presence at home necessary both for my own family and for that of my brother's widow. Winter passed without incident, and as there was the prospect of another child being added to my family I had to make arrangements for remaining permanently in Charleston during the summer. I hired the house on South Bay of Mr. J. Berkeley Grimball and in September our second son was born, to whom was given the name of Frederick. The next year, 1841, the same prospect of increase led to a permanent settlement in the City. I hired the house of Mrs. C. Jenkins in Lambell st. In July our youngest son was attacked with disordered bowels. A change to Sullivan's Island made him decidedly worse and it was determined to take him to Aiken. A few hours after our arrival there he died. I buried him there, and the next day returned to Charleston. Towards the end of October my daughter Anne was born. As my planting operations had not been successful, and I was getting inconveniently in debt, it was arranged with my sister, who was now living in Charleston, that we should spend the summer in her house, sharing the expense between us. Accordingly in the summer of 1842 we lived in a small house at the corner of Vanderhorst and Coming St., nearly opposite to St. Paul's Church.

At this time W. Gilmore Simms was conducting a magazine in this City called *The Magnolia* to which he urged me to be a contributor. But I could not find the material for anything, so completely had my mind become stagnant. After frequent urging he proposed that I should translate from French journals pieces which he would gladly print. This proposition was agreeable to me, as it gave me occupation and saved me the labour of original thinking. He kept me well supplied with French Magazines, particularly the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and I gladly worked at them; and I believed one of my translations appeared in every number of the journal. This was decidedly better than doing nothing, but it was very humble work,

and the way I worked at it showed how very much I suffered from ennui, and how anxious I was to struggle against it. But I was spell-bound, that unfortunate planation of mine was making me a poor man. I was not doing justice either to myself or my family. I did not know how to extricate myself from the toils which I had contrived to weave around myself and there was a want of spirit in every thing that I planned or undertook.

Sometime early in the commencement of the winter I began to be uneasy at some cases of illness which occurred among my negroes. A very slight indisposition was soon ended by death. Among the first victims was my driver. He told me that he was not sick, certainly not sick, but that he felt an unaccountable lassitude. In about forty-eight hours he was dead. The disorder was a typhoid-pneumonia. Some time in January I was somewhat unwell, suffering from pains in my chest and side, and for several days I went about with a blister on me. Still I was not sick. I eat, drank, rode about as usual, and visited my sick negroes. One morning without feeling more sick than usual, in fact without being at all sick, I felt so great a repugnance to rising that I told my wife I would not get up until later in the day, perhaps not at all. She instantly sent for Dr. Waring, who on seeing me told me I must keep my bed for that I was suffering from Pneumonia. Long and tedious was the cure and, though I was never in imminent danger, it was feared by my physician that I would not recover. After a week it was obvious that my lungs were as much clogged as at first and blisters followed by antimonial applications were employed. In two or three weeks the danger from this cause passed away, but another danger was apprehended, which was that my system had taken such a downward tendency that it could not rally; and in truth I felt convinced that the seal of death was upon me, and that in a few months I would pass away. Besides the depressing effects of the disease, it came upon me at a time when I was peculiarly unable to resist those effects. I had made a good crop of cotton, but so low had prices become, that the sale of it would tend very little to relieve me of my embarrassments. I had suffered severely from the loss of negroes, some ten or twelve having died of this disease. Besides the actual loss of property the epidemic had greatly impeded plantation work and the prospect for the next year was already unfavourable. These things would have borne heavily upon me in health, they now came with almost killing effect upon a mind enfeebled by illness. Even the sight of my little son and daughter gave me pain. I always thought that as I had given them life, so they looked to me for happiness. I felt that I might be remembered by them, not with reverence and affection, but perhaps with pity. I could not hope that they would hold my name in honour and respect. Some such thoughts with the feelings which naturally attend them

haunted me. They hindered me from making any progress in convalescence. In fact I did not care for restoration to health. Of what use would health be to me? Of what use was life? I was a failure in the world, to remain longer in it would be but to make my failure more conspicuous and only bring more trouble upon my family. I did not wish to quit life, but I did not care to continue in it; with such a state of mind can it be wondered that I was a long time in regaining my health?

But it was my destiny to live, and by the end of April I was apparently well, but it was only in appearance. My strength was gone, and I laboured under a constant want of something. I had for many years been in the habit of using tobacco, but had determined that if for any cause I should be kept from the use of it for a week, I would not resume it. My illness had kept me from it for several weeks, and I had not resumed it, but I had been in the habit of drinking wine freely, but not spirits. I now tried sometimes the one and sometimes the other to give my system somewhat of a tone, but without success. Whilst in this state I was visited by W. Gilmore Simms who was infatuated with the water cure recently in vogue. He spoke so eloquently in praise of water. My experience had taught me the uselessness of wine, so I determined to abandon all stimulants. I had already as I have said abandoned tobacco; I now abandoned wine, tea and coffee. At breakfast and in the evening I drank a glass of cold water sweetened. At dinner the quantity of water that I drank was prodigious. Having been in the habit of drinking wine freely, the habit created a want, and every time the want would occur, I would allay it with a full glass of water. This total renunciation of all stimulants produced a curious effect upon me; from having kept late hours at night, I now found it difficult to keep awake until the ordinary hour of retiring, so painfully did this somnolency grow upon me, that after trying the total abstinence system for about a year, I began to take tea in the evening in order to be able to keep awake. Sometime afterwards I returned to the use of coffee in the morning, but it was several years before I resumed either tobacco, or wine.

A short time after this my cousin Isaac Porcher of Chapel Hill, who indulged freely in tobacco, was advised by his physician to give it up. He did so, but the effort was so distressing that he was obliged to resume it. He would come down to breakfast in the morning and fall asleep in his chair while waiting for the family to assemble for that meal.

I abstained from the use of tobacco for six years. With the return of health the taste for it returned with painful intensity. It required all my firmness to resist the temptation to yield to it. Often would I think that if I could but take one quid of tobacco I would be content, but I knew that that one quid would only be the renewal of an inveterate habit. After a

long struggle I gained the victory, and the desire left me, but even then, if I read in the papers an advertisement describing any particularly good tobacco, I chewed it that night in my dreams.

This conquest of myself was one of the few acts of my life which it is really pleasant to think upon. It convinced me that there was still some stuff in me, and that if I could find a field I would be able to work. It may be asked whether the resumption of its use was the result of weakness. It was a deliberate act, the result of a painful and long continued reasoning and reflection; and I think would be approved by any one who knows the circumstances.

On removing to Charleston five years later, and entering upon a new field of employment and a new course of life, my brain became excited painfully. There was an incessant ringing in my ears: sleep fled from my pillow. I would go to bed overwhelmed with sleep, but the very excitement of getting into bed would rouse me thoroughly and I would lie awake until nearly day light. Then a slumber for two or three hours would not prepare me for the duties of the day. I felt that there was danger of insanity. Medicine would sometimes give relief, but it was very temporary and all the shocking symptoms would return in full force. Stimulating drinks also seemed to be serviceable in affording relief, but I dreaded the habitual use of stimulants. It occurred to me that the stimulus of tobacco would furnish the thing wanted, but I did not wish to enslave myself to this habit, for I knew that if I returned to it it would be for life. I pondered long and anxiously over the subject, at last I determined to use it. If I took chewing tobacco, I knew that I would be incessantly at it; whereas, if I smoked, there would be a hundred restraints which would impose moderation upon me. I finally made up my mind. During the Spring vacation, passing one day through Pineville, I called at a store and bought a bunch of American Cigars, took them home with me, and looked long, anxiously and hopefully upon them. At last I smoked one. I had scarcely commenced the operation when I felt that my *malaise* was healed. I had found the remedy, tobacco was the anaesthetic which my system required. And it was to be my companion for life.

To return to my illness; I recovered by slow degrees my usual health, but some of its effects I continue to feel to this day. I have never since been able to take violent exercise, such as jumping, running or climbing. When I was among the mountains I delighted in nothing more than to run up to their summits, now it is painful to go up a long flight of stairs. But the disease did not incapacitate me from taking long, vigorous and continuous exercise. I can still walk upwards of twenty miles in a day.

The epidemic on the plantation had seriously interfered with the work of the plantation, and it was some time in April before the Cotton could be

planted. Had a rain followed it might still have been well, but, as not unfrequently happens at this season, day after day the clouds would come up, present all the appearance of an approaching storm, and then disperse without a drop of rain. This continued until I left in May for Charleston and it was nearly the middle of the month before the earth was refreshed with rain so that the seeds could germinate.

We went again to my sister's house in Coming Street. I believe the *Magnolia*, Simms' Magazine, was now discontinued and I had nothing of special interest to occupy me. About the month of July Mr. Wilkes proposed that we should together occupy his house on Sullivan's Island and accordingly we went there for the rest of the summer.

The house was a comfortable substantially built house on the eastern side of the Island looking directly on the sea. It was upwards of a quarter of a mile from the beach, and nothing intervened between it and the beach but a dreary waste of sand through which it was necessary to pass. Just behind the house were the first of those hills which I suppose the action of the wind had raised on the Island, and which continued to rise higher and higher from this point to the northeast extremity of the Island. Over these hills are what are called the Myrtles, then we come to the back beach by which the distance to the Cove is reduced more than a third, and the road excellent.

This portion of the Island had been well peopled, but after the storm of 1822 people were afraid and its proximity to the Myrtles also made them afraid of fever. It was now almost abandoned, the only houses in the neighbourhood being those of Judge Huger and Colonel I'On on one side, and the elegant mansion of Gen. Pinckney on the other. The distance in the heavy sand which lay between us and the Fort and Cove where the road runs by the front beach, and the hills and mosquitos which must be encountered when we took the back beach had the effect of isolating us from the rest of the Island, and we really lived alone. We had our carriage and horses, but as Mr. Wilkes required them twice a day to visit the city, they were of very little use to us in the way of contributing to our pleasure; so that we led very much the lives of solitaries. But this kind of life is not without its charms. One is never wearied of watching the waves as they roll backwards and forwards on the beach. But it is a dull and lazy kind of life, utterly destructive of energy, and producing a dreamy kind of existence, which I believe is the true charm of seaside life. The cool and strong breeze was delicious, but *en revanche* when there was no breeze the stillness was oppressive, and to be out of the breeze was to suffer very disagreeably from heat. The difficulty of living on the Island was great. An irregular market was held, but too uncertain to be depended upon. The steamer which came every day from the City left too early to permit any one to get his market supplies in that way, so we were obliged to depend upon poultry. Fish

one would suppose would be an unfailing resource, but I found it the most precarious. I have seen the beach on Morris Island strewn with fishing boats which from their activity, appeared to be doing an excellent business, whilst not a boat was on the coast of Sullivan's Island.

I never saw so large a community so content with the chance occasions of comfort and convenience which the steamboats offered as these people were. Every arrangement was made to suit the convenience of the boat, that of the Islanders was only an incident. But those who habitually lived there had become accustomed to the arrangements and accommodated themselves to them, and of course occasional residents like ourselves had only to content ourselves as well as we could.

Our nearest neighbour was Col. Jacob Bond P'On. This gentleman had been in his day a conspicuous person in the State, and still lived respected and esteemed for his sterling character. He was the last of his race. Having never married his name would perish with him. He had been many years, I suppose all his life, a planter in Christ Church Parish, I suspect not a very successful one. He was very wealthy, had a few years before sold all his planting estates, and now resided in the summer in his Island home, in the winter in a very fine house which he had built in Charleston.

During the war of 1812 he had served with credit in the army. He had uniformly been returned to the Legislature by the people of his parish, and had long presided over the Senate. He had been educated at Yale College, was I think, a classmate of Mr. Calhoun and Bishop Gadsden. He was still a reading man, and a very interesting and agreeable companion. He was an amiable man, but testy, and sometimes tremendous in his outbursts of indignation. A good friend, he was regarded by all his neighbours as an adviser and protector of the feeble. His house was much resorted to by his nephews and nieces, the children of Mrs. Thomas Lowndes and of Mrs. Samuel Wragg. The latter lady was his twin sister.

Mrs. Wilkes discovered that the old gentleman was not pleased that I did not go unceremoniously to see him. As I really had a great regard for him, I made it a business and it really became a pleasure to go to his house almost daily. I observed that the oftener I went, and the more I put off airs of ceremony, the more pleased he appeared to be. He became quite attached to me, and the following winter, or the one next succeeding, as he was making a farewell visit to his old St. John's friends, he went to my house to pay me a visit also, but I was unfortunately absent in Charleston. He died about ten years afterwards of a shocking and cruel disorder. I am told that a few days before his death one of his legs dropped off. Nearly all the society I saw on the Island I met at his house. He received a great

deal of company and seldom had a dinner of friends but he would invite me to join them. We had a little storm this summer, but not sufficiently severe to be creative of any excitement.

We remained on the Island until the season arrived for going on the plantation. I found all my anticipations of misfortune realized. The crop was almost a total failure; and as I had suffered in this way for several years I now determined to try the effect of a personal residence. Accordingly I began to make arrangements for building a house at Pinopolis. At first I contemplated only a refitting of the old house, but on examination it was found impracticable and a new house was resolved upon.

In the spring of 1844 I received a letter from Dr. Peter Porcher advising me to go to Charleston to see my sister-in-law, Anna F. Porcher, who was sick and wished very much to see me. I went down immediately and found her apparently very happy, labouring under very pleasant excitement, but perfectly deranged. Everything about her seemed so pleasant that I did not suppose her illness could have a fatal termination, and returned almost immediately, as it was necessary to take my wife down to prepare for an expected increase of family; in fact my third son Frederick George Porcher was born in April. Without my suspecting the case, his brother and sister had the whooping cough. Having been admitted into their mother's chamber they gave the disease to their little brother, and he was actually whooping in less than a month from the day of his birth. A few days after his birth my Sister-in-law died. She had never recovered her mind, and she died apparently because she could not be persuaded to take any nourishment. By her death the sole guardianship of my brother's children devolved upon me. They were quite young, the eldest being but seven years old, and I thought the best thing I could do for all parties was to leave them with their grandmother Mrs. Banks. I thought it proper, however, at the same time to let her understand distinctly that the boys had no other guardian but myself.

The management of Cedar Spring plantation had given me a good deal of trouble; I found myself placed at the mercy of overseers. I determined for my sake, and for the interest of the children, to make a different arrangement. I therefore put the plantation entirely under the direction of Henry F. Porcher, allowing him a liberal salary for his superintendence out of which he might pay an overseer, who would be responsible only to him, and not to me. This arrangement continued until the boys grew up to assume the management of their own property.

My summer house did not make as rapid progress as I had wished and expected, but I procured the temporary use of Mrs. Gaillard's house, and before the end of June I was settled in Pinopolis. Now at any rate I was

at my post. That of itself was a comfort and a satisfaction, and the season proving uncommonly favourable, an excellent crop seemed to repay me for my attention.

The village consisted at that time of about a dozen houses. Of the two which had been built by Dr. Waring and myself ten years before, his only was standing, and with considerable enlargements it was now the residence of Henry W. Ravenel. With a patience and perseverance which I admired, but could not hope to emulate, Ravenel had devoted himself to the study of Botany, and now his name was known among the scientific men of the world. This was accomplished by means of patient industry and habits of observation. He never left home without a satchel or convenient paste-board box in which he collected whatsoever struck his eye. He would take it home and there diligently examine and study it, and record it, if it had not already been noticed by his predecessors. He never neglected his business; in fact his business in this respect led to his pleasure. I confess when I saw him patiently and cheerfully pursuing his studies, I really envied him. I thought once I had a taste for botany, but after the death of Dr. William Porcher it had oozed out entirely. There was nobody who took any interest in the subject, and I did not like it enough to pursue it in solitude.

With him lived Thomas Walter Peyre formerly of St. Stephen's Parish, but now the proprietor of Brunswick plantation, which he had purchased from Ben. Ravenel. He was the son of Mr. Francis Peyre, of Pineville, and he was now the last person who bore the name. He was a year or two my junior, of great, I think unnatural gravity, but at the same time by no means morbid. He was very cheerful, rather reserved, and inclined to taciturnity. Very attentive to business, he was slow and methodical in everything that he undertook. Intending to build a fine house at Brunswick, he commenced to embellish the grounds, so that the house should be the finishing touch; but before the house was commenced he died, and an old and honoured name was buried in his grave.

Dr. Morton Waring and his family lived in a house which he had built at the north of mine. He was now the acknowledged head of his profession in the country; his business was very extensive. His wife always remembered the tie that had once connected us, and was ready at all times with offers of friendship and good will towards my family. My Uncle Isaac Porcher was now a resident of the village. He was somewhat lame from a fall which he had had some years before, and being constitutionally indolent, he had given up the management of his business entirely to his sons Isaac and Philip. All lived here together. Philip however only nominally, for he was so constantly on the move that he would oftener than not stop for the

night at a pineland house near his plantation. My uncle was eminently social, and dearly loved a chat with a neighbour. I very often visited him, and he visited me, and both of us were better for this interchange of visits.

Henry F. Porcher and his brother Dr. Peter C. Porcher lived together, both single men of that time. Mr. Cain with his family lived here, and Mrs. William Porcher with her sons and daughters.⁴ Last of all was Mrs. Cantey⁵ with her grandchildren Susan and Charles DuBose, his wife and children. Mrs. Cantey had been a widow ever since the year 1786. She was a very cheerful and pleasant old lady, who retained through life the primitive habits of her youth. At sunrise breakfast was served on her table, at half past twelve o'clock she dined, by six o'clock even in midsummer tea was served, and I believe she never gave up the practice of eating supper before she went to bed. She was universally beloved and respected, and when she gave her annual birthday party, which took place in August, everybody would make it a point of duty to be present when tea was served, even though they might have to leave their dinner tables for the purpose. Her plantation was in St. Stephen's Parish below the parish church, a distance of not less than seventeen miles.

There was no church in the village, but divine service was performed almost every Sunday at Whiteville, which was only four miles below, so that every one who desired it could go to Church. One day in the week Mr. Wallace, the rector of the lower parish, would perform service in one of the houses in the village, and he always had a full congregation. I used to think this the bitterest commentary upon the dreariness of pineland life; the people having no sort of amusement or recreation would be glad even to go to Church. In truth, except those to the manner born, a pineland life is a dreary life to a woman. There is no inducement to go abroad, a ride or a drive would only carry her among more pine trees. The walks have nothing to tempt one out of the house. Woman's only resource is in diligently attending to household duties. Those who are used to it are perfectly content, but it is the contentment of ignorance. They have never known anything better, and of course cannot be very much dissatisfied with what they have all their lives been accustomed to. Yet I have seen some Charles-ton women who appeared to fall easily into the train of life of a pineland

⁴ Of the Pinopolis houses mentioned above, Frederick Porcher's is now the residence of Henry R. Dwight, Esq. Those of the Cains and the Isaac and William Porchers are still owned, and the former occupied, by their descendants. After the manner of Pinopolis some of the houses there are still known by the names of the plantations of their owners; thus the William Porcher house would be called the Sarrazins House.

⁵ Margaret Evance, widow of James Cantey, whom she survived nearly sixty years.

village and seemed perfectly content with it. Possibly they only assumed the virtue of contentment, whilst at home they gave free expression to their real feelings.

But after all, true contentment can be found only where and when we are in the discharge of duty, when the mind has wholesome and congenial occupation. I have described how I suffered in Charleston from ennui. It would be the same anywhere else. One needs for true content his own approbation, and that he can never have if he is at all conscious of duties neglected, of opportunities missed. If such prickings of conscience attend us we can take little pleasure in the social advantages which a city offers to us. If we are easy in that respect we can forego the others with less regret. It may be that labour was a part of the curse bestowed upon our first parents in punishment of their transgression, if so, the curse has brought a blessing with it. The monks of old held that labour is prayer, *laborare est orare*, and truly it has one effect of faithful prayer, that it soothes the spirits and tranquillizes them. I have had much cause in my after life to be thankful for the opportunity of labouring.

With the approach of frost we went to Charleston, and after spending a few weeks returned to the plantation for the winter. In the Spring of the year 1845, my daughter Anne was attacked with the disorder which terminated in permanent lameness.

A part of this summer was intensely hot. The day we reached the village from Charleston was remarkably so. Arriving late, we dined late, and after the cloth was removed I was struck with the great warmth of the table. Thinking that perhaps it might be the effect of the hot dishes, I tried my hand on other places and found in every case a sensation of heat. I had no thermometer, so I sent a note to Dr. Waring to ask what was the state of his thermometer. He wrote on the back of my note 101°. This was near sunset.

I forgot to mention in connection with the incidents of 1844 that I had been appointed by the Agricultural Society chairman of the Committee on manures, and as some interesting experiments had been made that year with different manures, the committee visited the plantations for the purpose of examining them. At the fall meeting of the society my report was read, and it was ordered to be sent to the State Agricultural Society meeting to be held in Columbia during the session of the Legislature. The report was published along with other papers of the session, and I had forgotten it, when I saw a notice of it by Skinner, the publisher of the great Agricultural paper in Baltimore. The praise he bestowed upon it was I thought extravagant. He recommended it to the diligent perusal of every farmer in the land; and I believe there was not an agricultural paper in the land from

Maine to Louisiana which did not reprint the report. I mention this because I was unsuccessful as a planter, but my want of success was owing to my want of that tact which understands the art of management. I have forgotten how this year passed. The season was not so favourable for crops of any kind, and I had not such cause for exaltation at having lived near my plantation as I had had the preceding year. I think it was in this summer that we built the chapel in the village. If I mistake not it was in the fall of this year, that I had a touch of fever, very slight, but it gave me considerable uneasiness, and I felt the effects of it for some time after I recovered. In the February of that winter, 1846, my fourth son, John Wilkes, was born.

It is not a pleasant thing to remember the incidents of that summer. There had been a growing dissatisfaction amongst certain people of the parish at the fact that the members of the Legislature should always be selected from the planters, and occasional efforts were made to send some from the other side. This year the division between the two classes was attended with acrimony.

The head and front of the opposition was a Mr. Dennis, a next door neighbour of mine. He had been an overseer of Dr. Edmund Ravenel, and had been so successful that he had purchased his employer's plantation, and was living upon it with a very respectable force of negroes. So far as position was concerned, Dennis was a planter, but as he had made his own fortune he sought the sympathies of the other class. He would not be a candidate himself, but exerted himself to set up candidates in opposition to the planter class. We had always lived on very friendly terms, and I believe he thought I might be prevailed upon to join them. He accordingly offered me the support of his friends, if I would be a candidate for the Senate. The bait was a tempting one, and had I been addressed a few weeks earlier I would certainly have fallen into it; but a short time before, a meeting had been held to nominate a senator. I had attended that meeting. I had some hopes that I would be nominated, for in spite of my legislative experiences and disgust, I still hankered after a seat in the Senate; but they had nominated Dr. Peter Palmer, and as I considered myself bound by that decision, I very quietly declined the offer of Mr. Dennis.

The Canvass commenced and I felt heartily ashamed of it. Some of the most violent men of our class were men who scarcely deserved a place in it. I thought it would have been our wisest plan to let the other party have their own way and offer them no opposition; not in the way of contempt, but to co-operate with them. But it was to be otherwise and the election canvass was full of bitterness and of bad feeling. It is a bad sign when the lines that divide parties put the rich on one side and the poor on the other. I believe under such circumstances it is not creditable to belong to the rich

side. It is a sign that they have not used their riches well, but I was forced to take my side, and though I felt ashamed I could not and would not desert my class.

This year the Cotton Caterpillar made its appearance in this parish. The first intimation of their appearance was a pleasant and sweet odour arising from the fields, somewhat resembling the fragrance of the tuberose. A day or two after the sign of destruction would be visible. In less than a fortnight the whole country presented the appearance as if a frost had passed over the fields and blasted them. The pleasant odour which heralded their approach increased in strength and intensity, and filled the country but no one now found any sweetness in it. It was as if the atmosphere had been drugged with decaying tuberose. At the October elections the fields were as black as in mid winter, but the cotton was forward, and it is questionable whether the crops sustained any serious diminution from the ravages of these destructive worms. All the leaves were eaten, so that the further growth of the plant was checked and nothing could be hoped from the young pods, but the matured pods were probably forced earlier to open by being exposed more directly to the action of the sun; at any rate the crops made this year were by no means bad.

I was pretty well satisfied that planting was not my vocation. I had tried the experiment of giving it to overseers to manage, whilst I lived away. I had tried the effects of my own supervision. And in both cases I was disappointed. I was becoming a poorer man, and I looked with some dismay upon the prospect of a family to whom I could supply but inadequate means of sustaining themselves in the position to which they were born. I longed very much to be employed in a college. I could not of course expect to get rich there, but I would have congenial occupation and with the aid of my pay I might hope to pay my debts and live in comfort and respectability. The frequent changes which were made in the Faculty of the South Carolina College induced me to look in that direction, and I regulated my reading with a view to the possible occupation of a position in a college.

About this time the friends of the Charleston College began to make efforts to establish a new professorship in that institution and funds were slowly collected for the purpose. I determined that this was the place for me, and I looked anxiously to see the result of the attempt. In the March of the next year, 1847, my daughter Clelia Lightwood was born. The summer that followed was a disastrous one. A general epidemic not fatal appeared in the plantation early in the summer and crippled planting operations. Then floods of rain fell which caused the fields to be over run with grass, and when the fall came there was little to harvest.

My family too was suffering. The health of my wife seemed to be seriously impaired, and our son John Wilkes was seized with a disorder which

resulted in his death. On this occasion I determined, on consultation with Isaac Porcher, to bury him at Black Oak. No interments had ever taken place there, so that this was the first grave opened in that cemetery. The following spring my wife was buried there also. This was the second grave. The day after, a child of Isaac Porcher was interred there.

In December, 1847, Isaac Porcher himself died, and his family not only had him interred at St. Stephen's Church, but took up the body of his child and removed it to that cemetery,⁶ so that for two or three years my family were the sole occupants of the Black Oak Grounds. It has since become well peopled with the dead.

In Autumn we went to Charleston and while there the disorder of my wife sensibly increased. A profuse interior hemorrhage so prostrated her that it was soon deemed advisable for the present to take her back into the country.

The interest which had been raised in favor of the College continued to increase. Subscriptions for the establishment of a new professorship went on steadily, so that I now began seriously to look to the probability of my being able to change my occupation.

As everything in this country depends upon favor and influence I had reasonable hopes of being the professor. My brother-in-law, Dr. Edward North, was one of the Aldermen of the City who had a seat among the trustees, and Hutchinson the Mayor of the City was favourable to my appointment. Among the Board of Trustees I had other friends, and a number of well wishing outside. But there were nine other candidates who were formidable opponents. Of these, the Rev. James W. Miles⁷ was the principal. An eloquent pulpit orator, he was considered perhaps the best in the state. He was a man of great and varied learning, had spent some years abroad as a missionary to the Armenian Christians of Asia Minor, and in every respect he was an opponent to be dreaded. Two things operated against him; one was an earnest desire to keep him in the Church, which his wish to enter the college militated against, the other was a suspicious unsteadiness of purpose, and a doubt whether he would long submit to the drudgery of a professorship in which he would be compelled to reduce himself to the capacities and understandings of a set of juveniles.

Meanwhile I determined upon a change of operations at Somerton. Cotton was becoming less and less valuable, and I thought I might make available the extensive swamp lands of Somerton, which had formerly been a valuable rice plantation. The old banks were there, the appliances for

⁶ On the inundation of this graveyard by the Santee-Cooper Project, the markers of these graves and many others were removed to St. Stephen's churchyard.

⁷ For further information of James Warley Miles, a South Carolina transcendentalist, see his letters in this *Magazine*, Vol. XLIII, p. 185 *et seq.*

watering and draining were still existing, but of course requiring extensive repairs. As the year had been disastrous for the cotton crop, there was time allowed for the contemplated change. The men were early turned into the swamps to make the necessary repairs. The prospect of cultivating rice seemed very agreeable to them and they entered with alacrity into the measure.

As the winter advanced my wife's disorder increased, and in March the last resort of desperation was held. I took her to Aiken. There she lingered about a month, and died on the last of April, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, after having been ten years and one month married. She was taken to Black Oak and buried there the third day after her death.

I was thus left a widower in the 40th year of my life, with four children my eldest, Edward, nearly nine years of age, and the youngest, Clelia, nearly fourteen months old.

Whilst I was at Aiken, I received a communication from the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, informing me of my election to the Professorship of History and Belles Lettres in the College of Charleston.

A new phase of existence was now opened to me, and with this I conclude the history of ten years.

(To be continued)

MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES FROM THE PENDLETON
MESSENGER OF PENDLETON, S. C.

Contributed by J. M. LESESNE

(Continued from January)

Married: on Thursday even[ing] by J. C. Griffin, Mr. Alexander Deale, to Miss Margaret Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Lawrence, both of this D[istrict]. (January 2, 1808)

[Married:] on Thursday last, Mr. Benjamin Gasaway, to Miss Margaret Hall, both of this D[istrict]. (January 2, 1808)

Married: on Tuesday evening by Rev. Mr. Brown, Doctor John Hunter of this place to Miss Catherine Pickens, youngest daughter of Gen. Andrew Pickens, of this D[istrict]. (January 9, 1808)

Married: on Tuesday last by the Rev. Mr. Vandiver, Mr. Aaron Steele to Miss Elizabeth Massey, both of this D[istrict]. (January 23, 1808)

Died suddenly on Friday the 5th inst. Mr. Thomas Harbin, an old and respectable inhabitant of this D[istrict]. (February 13, 1808)

Married: on the 11th Inst. by the Rev. Dr. Waddle, at the Grotto, near Cambridge, the seat of Mrs. Dunlap, widow of the late John Dunlap, Esq. Attorney at Law, the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Ray Montgomery, to that very accomplished and amiable Lady, possessed of an independent estate of Considerable Value. (February 20, 1808)

Departed this life on Sunday morning the 7th inst., Mrs. Mary Jones the wife of Adam Crain Jones Esq. of Abbeville District, aged sixty eight years, a most affectionate wife for fifty three years. . . [long eulogy]. (February 20, 1808)

Died on Monday the 15th inst. after a long and painful illness which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Mr. John Simpson, rector of the Presbyterian Churches on Generostee. . . [long eulogy]. (February 20, 1808)

Died—In Abbeville District on the 26th January, Capt. Andrew Bowie,

of the Cavalry, son of Major John Bowie, in the 34th year of his age. He has left, besides a numerous Circle of friends and relatives, a widow and four small children to lament his loss. (February 20, 1808)

Married: On Sunday Evening [February 21st] by Jas. Griffin, Esq. Mr. Thomas Baldwin, to Miss Sally Shenault, both of this District. (February 27, 1808)

Died: on the 17th inst. after a long and painful illness, in the 68th year of his age, John Tate, Esq. an old and respectable inhabitant of this D[istrict]. (February 27, 1808)

Married: on the 21st ult. by John McMillion Esq. Mr. John Chapple, to Miss Jane Allen, both of this D[istrict]. (March 5, 1808)

[Married:] on the 28th ult. Mr. Thomas Power, to Miss Zilly Anderson, both of this D[istrict]. (March 5, 1808)

[Married:] on the 23rd ult. by the Rev. Mr. Moses Holland, Mr. Robert Hemphill, to Miss Sibe Sissom, both of this D[istrict]. (March 5, 1808)

[Married:] on the 23rd ult. by John Tippins Esq., Mr. William Bennet to Miss Abigail Gee, both of this D[istrict]. (March 5, 1808)

Married; by James Turner, Esq. Mr. Daniel Liddell, to Miss Isabella Liddell, daughter of Mr. Moses Liddell, deceased, on the 23d ult. (March 19, 1808)

[Married:] on the 18th ult. Mr. Moses Liddell, to Miss Sally McGee, all of this D[istrict]. (March 19, 1808)

Married: on Thursday the 3rd inst. by John Cochran, Esq. Mr. George Brown, son of Col. John Brown, to Miss Jane Barton, daughter of Benjamin Barton, Esq. both of this D[istrict]. (March 19, 1808)

Married; on Tuesday the 8th ult. by B. Starret, Esq. Mr. Andrew Miller to Mrs. Racheal F. Crawford, both of this D[istrict]. (April 2, 1808)

Married on Thursday last by John Willson, Esq. Capt. John Dickson, to Miss Lydia Tourtelot, both of this D[istrict]. (April 9, 1808)

Married, on Thursday last, by Robert McCann, Esq. Mr. James McKin-

nie, merchant, to Miss Susannah Bates, both of this D[istrict]. (April 16, 1808)

Married: on Sunday Evening, the 5th inst. by John Cleveland, Esq. Dr. Thomas Sherrer, to Miss Sarah Brooks, both of this D[istrict]. (June 11, 1808)

Married: On Sunday evening the 26th ult. by John Barton, Esq. Mr. Rolin Patterson, to Miss Nancy Williams; Mr. Dread Williams to Miss Charlotte Honey; Mr. Barnet Morris, to Miss Betsey Honey, all of this D[istrict]. (July 9, 1808)

Married: on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moses Holland, Mr. Howard Ducksworth, to Miss Desy Forsythe; on the 16th ult. Mr. William Cox to Miss Francis Gray all of this D[istrict]. (July 9, 1808)

Married: on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vandever Mr. Andrew Mason, to Miss Elizabeth Eaves, both of this D[istrict]. (July 30, 1808)

Died: On Friday last, Master James Melin, about 14 years of age. In attempting to run a horse over the race paths at Pickensville on the 29th ult. the horse broke into the woods and struck his rider against a tree, and fractured his skull [*sic*]. (August 6, 1808)

It is reported and we fear with too much truth, that a duel was fought on Tuesday last [August 9], on the Georgia side of the river between James Lesley, an attorney, and Dr. Bochelle, both of Abbeville district; That Mr. Lesley was shot through the body, and died in a few hours. (August 13, 20, 1808)

Died: on the 11th Inst. at Andersonville, of an apoplexy Mr. Daniel Costen, a native of Ireland, late of Charleston. Mr. Costen was a sensible well informed young man, universally esteemed by all his acquaintance. (August 20, 1808)

[Died:] On Monday night inst. Miss Jane Carson, age 16 years; daughter of Mr. James Carson of this D[istrict]. (August 20, 1808)

[Died:] On Tuesday last, Mrs. Jane Wilson, age 50; wife of Mr. William Wilson, near Pickensville, in this D[istrict]. (August 20, 1808)

Married, at Rutherfordton, N. C. on Thursday, the 18th inst. Mr. John

Eakin, merchant, to Miss Sally Walker, both of that place. (August 27, 1808)

Died: On Tuesday last, Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Mr. Joseph Mitchell of this D[istrict]. (February 17, 1810)

Married on Thursday last by the Rev. George Brown, Mr. Robert Kelton to the amiable and accomplished Miss Catherine Houston, second daughter of Samuel Houston, Esq, all of this D[istrict]. (February 24, 1810)

Died on Sunday the 11th inst. of a nervous fever, Miss Matilda Bruster aged 11 years; daughter of Mr. Samuel Bruster, of this D[istrict]. (February 24, 1810)

Died on Friday the 16th inst. Mr. Samuel Bruster the father and on Sunday the 18th inst. Master Henry Bruster, aged 14 years, eldest son of Mr. Samuel Bruster, deceased, of this District. (February 24, 1810)

Married: on Thursday last, by John Simpson, Esq. Mr Robert Allen of the Indiana Territory, to Miss Margaret Dodds, of this D[istrict]. (March 10, 1810)

Married: on Thursday last, by the Rev. George Vandever, Mr. Abraham J. Hargiss, to Miss Elizabeth Kilpatrick both of this D[istrict]. (March 24, 1810)

Died: on Sunday the 18th inst. Mr. John Ramsay, son of Mr. Alexander Ramsay, and student of Physic near this place. [eulogy] (March 24, 1810)

Died: yesterday Mr. David Wadkins, long a respectable inhabitant of this D[istrict]. (March 24, 1810)

Married: on Thursday the 15th inst. by Obediah Trimmier, Esq. Capt. Thomas Stribling, to Miss Catherine Hamilton; daughter of Adjutant James Hamilton, deceased all of this D[istrict]. (March 31, 1810)

[Married:] on Tuesday the 20th inst. Capt. Cain Broyles of this d[istrict]; to Miss Lucinda Nash, of Abbeville D[istrict]. (March 31, 1810)

[Married:] on Thursday last, by John Cochran, Esq. Mr. Isaac Melson, to Miss Nancy Morrow, both of this D[istrict]. (March 31, 1810)

Died: On Saturday evening last, Mr. Henry Bruster, son of Mr. James Bruster, deceased; he has left a widow and two young children to deplore their irreparable loss. (March 31, 1810)

Died, on Friday the 9th ult. after a short illness, at his residence in Darlington District, the Hon. Samuel Wilds, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas and Sessions of this state, within a few hours of the day which would have completed his 35th year. [eulogy] (April 7, 1810)

Married: on Thursday last by John Willson, Esq. Mr. Hugh McKinney, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Smith. (April 14, 1810)

[Married:] on Thursday evening by the Rev. James Hembree, Mr. George Kennedy, to Miss Fanny Jolly, daughter of Mr. James Jolly, all of this D[istrict]. (April 14, 1810)

Died: on Friday last Mrs. Sarah Ward, aged 80 years. (April 14, 1810)

Married: on Tuesday the 17th inst. James Osborn, Esq. merchant of Pickensville, to the amiable Miss Patsey Terrel, both of this D[istrict]. (April 21, 1810)

Died: on Thursday the 14th inst. Mrs. Grissom, wife of John Grissom, Esq. of this d[istrict]. (June 23, 1810)

Married: on Thursday the 19th inst. by the rev. James Hembree, Mr. Benj. Winn, to Miss Sarah Patterson. (July 28, 1810)

[Married:] On the same day, Mr. Aaron Smith, to Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. Nimrod Smith; all of this d[istrict]. (July 28, 1810)

Drowned, on Saturday the 28 ult. Mr. Carey Brown, aged 20 years 2 months and 18 days; son of Mr. George Brown a reputable citizen of this D[istrict]. (August 4, 1810)

On Wednesday the 25th ult. Master William De La Fletcher Keys, son of Peter Keys, Esq. aged seven years and eight months, received a kick from a horse on the head, which he survived about 14 hours. (August 4, 1810)

[Died:] on the night of Wednesday the 1st inst. Mrs. Mary M. Dart, the

amiable and lamented wife of Mr. Thomas L. Dart near this place. (August 4, 1810)

[Married:] on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Price of James Island; the Rev. John D. Murphy, late of Robeson County, N. C., to Miss Jane M. McElhenny, daughter of Rev. James McElhenny, of Pendleton D[istrict]. (September 1, 1810)

Died, on Saturday the 25th ult. Mrs. Elenor McDaniel, wife of Mr. James McDaniel, of this District. (September 8, 1810)

Died: on the 26th ult. Master William Walker, aged 8 years and 22 days, son of Mr. William Walker, on Eighteen Mile Creek, in this D[istrict]. (November 3, 1810)

Departed this transitory life, on the twenty third ult. in the 45th year of her age; Mrs. Letitia Keys wife of Peter Keys, Esq. of this D[istrict]. [eulogy] (November 3, 1810)

Died, on Tuesday the 20th inst. in the 17th year of his age the picture of rosy health, Mr. John Gates, son of Mr. Charles Gates of this D[istrict]. (November 24, 1810)

Died on Thursday the 22nd inst. Mr. James Gilkison, a native of Ireland, but for a considerable time a respectable inhabitant of this D[istrict]. (November 24, 1810)

Married on the 6th inst. by Richard Holden, Esq. Capt. A. Roe, to the amiable Miss Patsey Birch, daughter of Henry Birch, Esq., both of this D[istrict]. (December 22, 1810)

Died: in Spartanburgh in October last, at her son's plantation, in the 42nd year of her age, Mrs. Rebeca Laval, of Charleston, wife of Major Laval, of the United States Army. [eulogy] (December 22, 1810)

Died, at Columbia, on Thursday evening the 20th inst. Michael Hammond, Esq. of this place. (December 29, 1810)

Married on Thursday 10th inst. by Samuel Dickson, Esq. Mr. Daniel Camp to Miss Ann Cason, both of this D[istrict]. (January 19, 1811)

Married on Tuesday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Robert Orr, Mr. James Orr, to Miss Ann Anderson, daughter of Capt. James Anderson, Senior, of this D[istrict]. (July 17, 1813)

[Married] on Thursday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Barr, Mr. Joseph Grisham of this place, to Miss Ann Watt, daughter of Samuel Watt, Esq. deceased, of Abbeville D[istrict]. (July 17, 1813)

Died: on Sunday Evening, last, near this place, Mr. William Gourley aged 21 years. (July 24, 1813)

Married: on Thursday the 15th inst. by the rev. Geo. Brown, Mr. William Elrod to Miss Rosanna McKay; all of this d[istrict]. (July 31, 1813)

Married: on Thursday last, by C. Gaillard, Esq. Mr. Wm Rodgers, to Miss Mary Ann Moore, all of this d[istrict]. (August 14, 1813)

Married: on Thursday last, by the Rev. George Vandivere Mr. Wm. Ward of Lawrence, to Miss Sarah Reeder, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Reeder, of this D[istrict]. (August 21, 1813)

Married: on Friday the 13th inst. by the Rev. Wm Barr, Mr. Alexander Spears, student of Law of Abbeville District, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Eliza Middleton, daughter of Major Hugh Middleton, deceased, of Edgefield D[istrict]. (August 21, 1813)

Died, on the 8th inst. at his plantation in this district, Captain James Anderson, Senior, much lamented by his relatives. (September 11, 1813)

Married: on Thursday, the 9th inst. by George Manning, Esq. Mr. Thomas Stevenson, to Miss Elizabeth Collins. (September 25, 1813)

[Married:] on Tuesday last, by A. Liddell, Esq. Mr. David Rosier to Miss Nelly Carter; all of this d[istrict]. (September 25, 1813)

Married: on Friday the 24th ult. by Charles Gaillard, Esq. Mr. Aaron Phillips, to Miss Ruth Perkins, daughter of Capt. Wm Perkins. (October 16, 1813)

[Married:] on Thursday the 7th inst. by A. Liddell, Esq. Mr. Charles Richie, to Miss Polly Heaton, all of this D[istrict]. (October 16, 1813)

Married on Thursday the 14th inst. by A. Liddell, Esq. Mr. Reuben Anderson, to Miss Sucky Welsh. (October 30, 1813)

[Married:] on Thursday the 21st inst. by James C. Griffin, Esq. Mr. Aaron Mullinax to Mrs. Rebecca Voyles, all of this d[istrict]. (October 30, 1813)

[Three daughters (ages 14, 11, and 9) of Mr. Thomas Harrison, of this district were drowned on Sunday the 17th inst.] (October 30, 1813)

Married: on Tuesday last, by Samuel Houston, Esq. Mr. William Kilpatrick, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Gray, eldest daughter of John Gray, Esq. (November 13, 1813)

[Married:] on the same evening, by S. Houston, Esq. Mr. ——— Robinson of Haywood, N. C. to Miss Polly Robinson of this d[istrict]. (November 13, 1813)

Died: on Thursday the 21st ult. at Mr. William Gatton's, after a short illness, Mr. Michael Warnock, of this d[istrict]. (November 13, 1813)

Died on the 9th inst. at his residence in George Street [Charleston] Peter Freneau, Esq. aged 57 years. [eulogy] (November 27, 1813)

Married: on Thursday the 2nd inst. by the Rev. A. Brown, Mr. Wm McClure, to Miss Elizabeth White, both of this D[istrict]. (December 4, 1813)

Died on the 10th inst after a short but painful illness, Miss Isabella Liddell, daughter of Mr. Andrew J. Liddell, aged eight years, three months and thirteen days. (December 25, 1813)

Married, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Wm H. Barr, Alex Bowie, Esq. to Miss Susan B. Jack, all of Abbeville D[istrict]. (February 5, 1814)

(To be continued)

SHIPBUILDING ON ST. HELENA ISLAND IN 1816

A DIARY OF EBENEZER COFFIN

Contributed by J. H. EASTERBY

The original of the following document is one of several records relating to Coffin's Point Plantation,¹ St. Helena Island, which were presented to the South Carolina Historical Society in 1911 by the late Charles P. Ware, of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Ware was one of the "missionaries" sent by the United States Treasury Department to supervise the plantations in the St. Helena region after its occupation by Federal forces in 1861.² For a time he was superintendent of Coffin's Point Plantation, and, as he explains in a letter to the Society, these records were found in the attic of the Coffin home. Being unable to return them to their owners, he sent them to the Society.

The diary here printed is a handmade booklet of sixteen pages, with a folded sheet of the *Charleston Courier*, of February 8, 1816, serving as a binder. Across the top of this sheet, written in large letters and probably intended to serve as an address, is the name of Ebenezer Coffin.³ This, together with the appearance of the initials, E. C., in the text, would seem clearly to identify the author. The fragment of the *Courier* also contains an announcement of the arrival from New York on February 7 of the nine ship carpenters who, according to the diary, shortly thereafter proceeded on board the *Satellite* to St. Helena Island. There is a temptation to believe that they then began, with the assistance of Coffin's Negroes, to build the *Pilgrim*, but the report of the arrival on March 22 of a vessel of that name may mean that they were only engaged in extensive repairs to this and, possibly, other vessels.

Sunday 11th Feby 1816

Mr Wright came from on board the Sattelite
12th Boat with 6 hands employed in bringing 8 Ship Carpenters, their provisions, moulds &c from on board Sent Mariann to cook for them with 3 pots & gridiron
13th Carpenters commenced get[tin]g Timber sent Dick to assist Mariann—also Tea Kettle, Coffee Pot, Knives (\$1) & Forks Spoons (\$1), 2 Tumblers, 2 Dishes $\frac{1}{2}$ Gal & 2 Pots, Bucket & Waffle Iron

¹ This *Magazine*, XLVII (1946), p. 54.

² Guion Griffis Johnson, *A Social History of the Sea Islands* (Chapel Hill, 1930), pp. 164, 178, 196; Elizabeth Ware Pearson, *Letters from Port Royal Written at the Time of the Civil War* (Boston, 1906).

³ This *Magazine*, XXIX (1928), p. 64.

- 14th Mingo & Toby working with Carpenters
 15 do with Edmund & Simon
 16 do do
 17 do with Simon, Tony, Rodwell, & Ned
 19 Mingo, Rodwell & Toby
 20 do
 21 do
 22 do
 23 do
 24 do
 Sold Mr Wright 5 Gals Whiskey
 28 gave Mr W 1\$ in change
 29 paid for Butter & Biscuit \$6.54/100 gave Mr W \$2 in change
 paid \$1.50/100 for Tin Pan

March

- 2 Mingo, Rodwell & Toby with Carpenters the last week
 3 Bought in Beaufort: Cards (1.25) Tobacco (\$1) & Soap (50)—2.75
 18 lbs [?] 6 1. 8
 Lent Mr Wright Dick 5.
 6 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ G Whiskey 10.75
 7 Bias getting out Axle Trees &c for Waggon—Jim with Waggon
 8 Sharper, Jim & Bias with Waggon
 9 Mr Izards Team, 2 pr Oxen & driver came on Wednesday 6th
 Mingo, Ned & Rodwell with Carpenters this week Will & Ed-
 mund 2 days each working at Mr S
 11th Jim, Sharper & Geo with Waggon
 12 8 hands with Waggon
 13 8 hands with Waggon
 14 "
 15 " Biscuit by Francis $\frac{1}{2}$ Barrel Flour 3
 16 8 hands with Waggon Mingo, Ned & Rodwell with Carpenters
 this week Ned sick $\frac{1}{2}$ day 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ Gals Whiskey 232 lbs
 [?] Beef, Pork & Veal at 6 cts 13.92 Sugar 3 Change to
 Mr Wright 2
 19 Ferriage of Sam to Beaufort & back with 15 lbs [?] Butter at 37 $\frac{1}{2}$
 cts 5.37 $\frac{1}{2}$ Ferriage of Dick for Bread 50
 20 17 lbs [?] Beef @ 6 cts 1.2
 21 Sent my Waggon & returned Mr Izard 1 pr Oxen & teamsman
 22 Bread by Thos from B 75 Brig Pilgrim arrived
 23 Flour 15 lbs [?] & Biscuit
 27 15 Flour 10 do

28	10 lbs [?] Sugar	2
29	1 pr Mr I oxen came	5 lbs [?] Candles
30	Quarter Beef	90 lbs [?]

April

2	Letters	1.31 $\frac{1}{4}$	Bread	2.
	Sent Capt Delano	3	Gals Whiskey	
3	15 lbs [?] Beef	Cash to Mr. Wright	\$50.	Pilgrim Charter Party
	3 Mary's [Charter Party]	\$3.	Passage pr Sattelite	\$22.50
4	$\frac{1}{4}$ Beef			
5	12 Beef	Stores: 80 Biscuit	110 lbs [?] Beef, Hind Quarter	200 Salted
6	12 Beef	Mariann Cash	3.	Cash to Capt Seamans forfeiture of Charter Party
				267
7	Stores: 10 lbs [?] Sugar	2\$	6 lbs [?] Butter	2.62 $\frac{1}{2}$
	[?] Candles	1.50	Rice & Vinegar	1.50
			Barrow	6\$

7 April 1816

To Amount of Sundry expenditures by E[benezer]	
C[offin].....	\$440.82 $\frac{3}{4}$
Labour Men Oxen &c.....	373.
Sundry Stores supplied Capt Delano.....	46.64 $\frac{1}{2}$
	<hr/>
	\$860.47
To Amount of Sundry expenditures by S[ydney] W[right].	964.15 $\frac{1}{2}$
" on St Helana.....	116
	<hr/>
	\$1080.15 $\frac{1}{2}$

Passages f'm N Y'k to Charleston.....	\$270
Freight of Moulds & Barrels.....	11.75
Bill for Mould Boards.....	18.61
" " 	28.87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stillmans Bill for Groceries &c.....	39.59
Allen & Sons Beef Pork &c.....	96. 9
	<hr/>
	464.91 $\frac{1}{2}$
2 XCut Saws, files, Handles & Grind Stone Handle.....	22.
Nails for Moulds.....	5.50
24 $\frac{1}{2}$ days work on Moulds.....	49.

Joiners Bill plaining Boards.....	6.87
Cartage of Boards.....	3.37
Turnips & Potatoes (\$7) Bread & Beef (5.50).....	12.50
Advance to 8 hands \$50 ea.....	400.00

A frame consists of a Floor Timber, 2 first Futtocks, 2 second [Fut-
tocks], 2 third [Futtocks], 2 Top timbers

Live oak 12 inches each way 80 lbs [?]

10th Brig Pilgrim broke ground f'm Creek Mouth for New York

15th Went to Sea

28 Arrived at N York

Messrs Sydney Wright, Geo Bampton, Richd Beckwith, John
Robins, John Stillwell, John A. Robb, John Blomer, John Voorhies,
and John Moore.

JOURNAL OF GENERAL PETER HORRY

(Continued from January)

{Thursday 7th} Clear Morning—I rode out to our Farm in Comp^y w^h. M^r Barksdale we Viewed all the Land of the Farm, Isaac will finish [15] 1814. April 7. Thursday Continued} a Large double gate to Admit my Carriage up to the House—on Return Gathered sarssafrax blossoms & brought home Some Split Wood. found Sarah Bay at our House Saw my Neighbours M^r. & M^{rs}. Birk, we Got home about 4 OClock P.M. being much fatigued I went to my Bed M^{rs} Horry went to M^{rs}. Bays on a Visit to the Widow Roger Smith,¹ I saw M^r Prescot at his black Smith Ship [Shop], he said my Saw was done—at Night the 2 M^r. Chisholms Visited me—Friday 8.} a good Morning. Settled with M^r. Willey & Gave him my Note of hand for \$ Payable Visitors today Sarah Bay—M^{rs}. Eliz^a. Ioor² (at our house) appears in a Low dejected state of mind & Cannot Sleep—Visited us before Dinner the two M^{rs}. Guignard an Excessive hot day my Room in the afternoon is Intollerable at Night M^r. McGill, Scot & Gaillard called on me—

Saturday 9th—} Last Night Traces, Collars & Bridles for my Waggon came home from M^r. Davis—also my Waggon came home. Bought 2^{lb} Cheese for 7/ I rode to our Farm Accompanied by 2 M^r. Chisholm's—[16] 1814 Saturday 9th— April Continued—} Visitors are Sarah Bay, Last Evening the Miss Bays Visited us, field Pieces fired for Good News Gen^l. Jackson of Georgia³ has Killed & wounded a Thousand Enemy Indians (chiefly Creeks) I with M^r Chisholm Visited my Neighbour Burke—& Returned to Columbia before Dinner—much fatigued, afternoon M^{rs}. Faus⁴ (wife of Major Faus) Visited us also M^{rs}. Ja^a. Guignard & her husband, at Night M^{rs}. McGill & Cambell Visited me—I delivered McGill, Inclosed to Wind-

¹ Roger Smith (born August 4, 1745; died July 30, 1805), a colonel in the Charles-Town Regiment of Militia in the Revolution, married Mary Rutledge, who was born December 5, 1747, and died December 22, 1832. The latter was a sister of Governor John Rutledge. While on a visit to England in 1786 her portrait, with a little son under a year old standing on a table by her, was painted by Romney.

² She was before her marriage Elizabeth Guignard, sister of Mrs. Horry.

³ General Andrew Jackson (born not in Georgia but in the Waxhaws section of South Carolina) had defeated the Creeks at the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa on March 27, 1814.

⁴ Faust. The Major was subsequently a brigadier general of State militia and a member of the House of Representatives. His portrait, by John Blake White, and a commission by President Jefferson as major in the U. S. Army hang in the hall of the House.

ham Trapier, a Survey of the Waccamaw Barrony⁵ in dispute, to be delivered to George Smith. Going to George Town

Sunday 10} It Rained all Last night very hard & this morning very heavy & Promises much more Rain—all our yard afloat—& I suppose our Garden the Same. Visitors today Sarah Bay—Ann Chivers & Gab¹. Guignard Jun^r. I Visited (State House) M^r Lance Officiated—I dined w^h. M^{rs}. Bay & her Family also Major Player dined with us & other Gentlemen also.—at Night M^rMuller, Bonneau, M^cGill & others Visited me.

[17] 1814/ Monday 11 Apr¹.} Rainy. Cloudy Morning—I Packed up my Bedding, Cloaths, & went to our Farm to Stay till Saturday Next—in Order to finish my fencing & to begin Planting Corn—I Got to the farm & Planted Irish Potatoes in the Orchard & Carriage in any Rails, Dined on Cheese Bread & Eggs—{Tuesday 12} It Rained very much Last Night—& now is very warm & Cloudy Sent Mules to Columbia for Waggon, w^e. did not Come a Mule being Sick—nothing but Rain, Cleared Passage between House & Gate—

Wednesday—13.} Cloudy & warm, Sent London to Columbia—He & Zemo returned before Dinner Finished Planting Irish Potatoes, Received from M^{rs}. Horry a Pavillion⁶ & from Ja^s Guignard \$3 M^{rs}. Burke Visited me

Thursday 14} Rain warm & Cloudy. I began to dig Ground, Sent for the Waggon. Gave Burke 2 Pictures—[18] 1814 Thursday 14 April Cont^d.} Waggon came & I went & Dined w^h. M^r. Burke & his Family Returned from thence I met with M^r. Barsdal, who went to house & supped w^h. me & Lodged thereat at Night it Rained . .

Friday 15—} Barsdale returned to Columbia I rode w^h. Billy round where fences was to Go, Wind Raised Clouds dispersed, I Sot heaps of Logs on fire, Sent Corn to Taylors Mill & it Returned Meal—I Sent Miss Burke a Picture Guilded Frame—ab^t. 2 OClock P.M.: wind was very high & from the westward—Saturday 16 Sot many dry Standing Trees on fire Got to Columbia ab^t. 5 OClock found all well, {Sunday 17} Fine Weather, Cold, S. Bay gave me 2 blue Letter Cases—No Answer from Bostick—Sot out for our Farm about 3 OClock P:M—Slept at the Farm—

Monday 18} Came to Columbia, Screvin & Winstan Visited us—also S. Bay.—

[19] 1814/ Tuesday 19 April.} I am now at Columbia, Sent Sam & London w^h Mules to Billy at our Farm. Today fence finished, Visitors To Day are Sarah Bay—I paid 4/8. for Bacon—at Night M^{rs}. Branthwait, & Miss

⁵ There was no Waccamaw Barony. Hobcaw Barony was on Waccamaw Neck. See Smith's *Baronies of South Carolina*.

⁶ The farm must have been near the Congaree swamp if a pavilion was necessary on the 13th of April.

Smythe. W^m. Marrant & W^m—Richardson Visited us. Lidy came home from Farm—

Wednesday. 20.} Yesterday I wrote to N. & Webb—Sent for Stephen & William from Farm, Sent my Carriage by Zemo, to Meet Scipio & Assist him w^h. Negroes from Winyaw Visitors today are S. Bay. (P^d. 1/9 for Beef —) Ben: Ioor M^r. Harison—{Thursday 21st.} Last Night my Cart Arrived from George Town with Several Negroes, & a Letter & Money from Windham Trapier—I Sent Plenty & Lucy to the Farm & went there myself—{Friday 22^d.} Rainy Morning, fitting up Stable Pinning Shingles, Cutting up Logs & burning them, also Plowing for Corn fitted a Door to Stable. Yesterday Dandy Returned to Columbia Sent Sam to Columbia for R: Rice, Rec^d. half Bush^l. d^o. by Dandy & he returned Directly [20] 1814/ Saturday 23^d April} from my Farm I Sent 4 fellows to M^r Burk (my Neighbour) to Assist him in Rolling up Logs & after Breakfast went myself to his House, & dined w^h. his family, & went to my Family at Columbia, in the Evening a Number of Ladies & Gentlemen Visited us, M^{rs}. Perault being of the Number in Company wth. M^{rs} Davis & her Daughter, this day M^{rs}. Caroline Guignard w^h. her two Daughters went off for the high Hills of Santee—

Sunday 24.} Warm, foggy Morning, I wrote to the following Persons—Cap^t Bostick, Windham Trapier, M^r. Debose (my Overseer at Dover plantation) M^r. Cheesboro at George Town x these thus marked, I Sent by my Driver Dandy to George Town I went to Church & heard M^r. Lance & Dined with Ja^a. S Guignard received from his plantation a half Bush^l Cotton Seed—at Night much Company Visited us.—(Monday 25.) Cloudy Raw Morning, Dandy went Off. Planted a Little Cotton in Garden—I went to the Farm

[21] 1814/ Monday April 25 at the Farm Martha Bay w^h. me Burning Logs, Shingling Stable & Planting Rice, Got to Columbia before Sun Set—(Tuesday 26) I went to the Farm paid for Milk 100 C^{ts}. for Beef \$1. 1½ doz Eggs & Whiskey & Molassas Carried to Farm Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, {Saturday 30—} at the Farm, fitted up my Stable & Kitchen Cut down & burt many dry Trees, & Planted Some Rice & 3 Acres Cotton & breakfasted at Columbia Rec^d. 2 Letters from Cheesborow & Debose, heard of my Runaways, answered these Letters by Major Carr P^d. M^r. Harrison in full for Beef \$12 as by receipt—Rec^d a Letter from M^{rs}. Helin & Answered it by Major Carr, Sent Billy a Plow, a Grind Stone, & 3 fallen Axes, by Carriage in Charge of Zemo. S. Bay Visited us. Also Ann & Marg^t. Bay. Glaze & Prescott,⁷ made one of the Said Axes—Tirah Sick in Bed—

(To be continued)

⁷ Glaze & Prescott conducted a blacksmith shop in Columbia wherein they made many things besides axes. Among other objects made by them were guns, swords, and pistols for the militia troops of the State. The Shields Foundary of Confederate days was a lineal descendant of that firm.

NOTES AND REVIEWS*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

Architects of Charleston. By Beatrice St. Julien Ravenel, with an introduction by William Watts Ball and photographs by Carl Julien. (Charleston: The Carolina Art Association, 1946. Pp. xvi, 329. Bibliography. \$5.00.)

This will be an essential book for any student of Southern history. Architecture is not only a very great part of the charm of Charleston but the most easily followed illustration of, and indication to, the city's culture. So this book must have a very great interest not only among historians but also for the general public. Miss Ravenel, by giving us no cut-and-dried account of her subjects but a warmly written story of times and men, has earned the gratitude of anyone who opens her book. Grounded on painstaking care in research, with the material thoroughly digested and arranged, her book leaves the reader both an easy and a pleasant task. Not a trained architect, she has taught herself the essence of the professional terminology but never lapses into its jargon. Not a professing historian, she has worked with the historian's required earnestness and accuracy yet never forgotten that the unforgivable sin in writing is to be hard to read. Not the least of the values, and one of the great pleasures, of this work is her keen, but never didactic, appraisals of men and buildings. These are the comments of a discerning, but never dictatorial, student.

As many of these architects worked in other parts of the state, as well as in Charleston, the book will be of particular value to anyone following the history of building in South Carolina. As the story of the components and development of a basic art in one of the historic centers of American culture, it can be widely used. As another means of increasing one's interest and pleasure in the things he lives with and in, it will be invaluable to anyone with an affection for Charleston.

The book is as happy in its illustrations as in its text. Carl Julien has done for the subjects of his camera what Miss Ravenel has done for those of her pen. His very sensitive use of sunlight at selected times to give not only the shape but the texture of the buildings makes his pictures works of art as well as illuminating documents, a pleasure in themselves as well as an integrated part of the book.

Of necessity, certain parts of this work are less full than others. Time,

*This department will print queries concerning South Carolina history and genealogy. Copy should be sent to the Editor, South Carolina Historical Society, Fireproof Building, Charleston 5, S. C.

two enemy invasions, and a catastrophic social revolution have wrought more than a sibylline destruction of Charleston's records. In the simpler society of the colonial period the name of the architect was loosely applied to, and scarcely differentiated from, that of the builder. As the result of a persistent chase from the files of the *Gazettes* to the inventories in the probate records and thence to anything offering a hint Miss Ravenel has found out something of the lives of the men who first went about the building of Charleston. These men had few books and only a modicum of drawing instruments, but still they were possessed of a great tradition of workmanship and design, and they often wrought better than they thought. Miss Ravenel has explained the taste and inclination of such gentlemen-amateurs as the celebrated Gabriel Manigault by finding the list of excellent books of design that were in his grandfather's library. She has described the training and experience that such able builders as the Horlbeck brothers brought to South Carolina. She has told us most of what we will ever know about this time, and she has laid a thorough foundation for anyone who can to fill in details.

The period between the Revolution and the Confederate War is far more amply presented. This is particularly true of the forties and fifties when Charleston was quite happily and self-consciously going ahead as a considerable port and a community that asked for and enjoyed the good things of life. To a great variety of creative work the city then added a very fair share of intelligent architecture, and it is interesting to note such details as a public correspondence through the newspapers on the subject of design, when an insubordinate building committee forced an architect to put church doors where he did not want them. In this long and mainly pleasant time Charleston contributed such men as Robert Mills to the nation's history, served as an introducer to Hoban, designer of the White House, and employed such excellent home-grown talent as that of Edward Brickell White to her own improvement and the lasting delight of generations that have followed. Miss Ravenel ends her book nominally with the Confederacy, but, being conscientious, she has pursued the history of those who practiced before 1860 on through their lifetimes.

To Robert N. S. Whitelaw and the Carolina Art Association thanks should be extended both for the existence and the excellence of another of their books.

Samuel G. Stoney

The Correspondence of Bayard Taylor and Paul Hamilton Hayne. Edited by Charles Duffy. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1945. Pp. ix, 111. \$2.00.)

The years have not been kind to Paul Hamilton Hayne. During his

lifetime, in a period when he might have been expected to bring his genius to its fullest development, war and its aftermath cast him into an unremitting struggle against poverty, disappointment, and a generally indifferent public; and in the half century which followed his death the pale fame he had achieved as the poet of an unhappy South faded and faded until he was all but forgotten by the literary historians.

Recently, however, Hayne has been rediscovered. Bit by bit the materials for his biography are coming together. It may be predicted that when the final evaluations have been made Hayne's place among American poets will not be greatly advanced, for his poetry will remain what it has always been—conventionalized, uneven of execution, wanly romantic, too far from the realities of its time to report that time authentically. But the story of Hayne's life will be worth the writing, and the reading, if only for its revelation of a gentle personality in a world which produced too few men of his kind.

The Correspondence of Bayard Taylor and Paul Hamilton Hayne sets forth the contrast admirably. Taylor's fame has not survived much better than Hayne's, but Taylor is the better representative of his generation. If Hayne was retiring and indigent, Taylor was busy, successful, cosmopolitan. If Hayne missed his opportunity to be the voice of a tortured South under Reconstruction, Taylor learned how to make himself heard in the Gilded Age. That he was also generous appears in the nineteen Taylor letters of this collection, for he answered without condescension Hayne's almost importunate appeals for communication; and the collection as a whole (forty-six letters, of which twenty-seven are by Hayne) constitute a record of an honest friendship, built upon reciprocal admiration despite the sharp differences between the temperaments and worldly successes of the two men.

As Mr. Duffy points out in his introduction, it is obvious that it was Hayne who initiated the correspondence and kept it alive. Taylor's letters are never lacking in sincerity, but they are shorter and quite evidently written in moments snatched from weightier affairs. The correspondence covers a period of almost twenty years, from 1859 to 1878, the longest gap occurring in the war years and those immediately following. When Hayne reopened the correspondence in 1869 he was living at Copse Hill, near Augusta, to which he had removed after the destruction of his Charleston home. Very soon he is begging Taylor to visit him, and as the intimacy of the letters grows the formality decreases; Hayne's letters at least become conversational, filled with praises of his friend's work, wry little comments on the discomforts of life at Copse Hill, philosophic doubts, words of appreciation of the books he has been enjoying, inquiries about publishers and wonder at their vagaries, brief descriptive paragraphs on the Georgia

country-side—in short, the interests of the moment which make good, unliterary letters and reveal the man better than all his formal excursions into verse and prose.

Perhaps it is inevitable that the critical reader of this little volume should see it as a supplement to the much more extensive *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, edited by Professor D. M. McKeithan (reviewed in this *Magazine*, October, 1944). Supplementary it may be, but it is much more satisfactory in its arrangement of materials. The greater unity in Mr. Duffey's book, achieved by including some of the Taylor letters available in print elsewhere, produces for the reader a sense of completeness not to be found in the McKeithan edition, which is limited to Hayne.

In general, Mr. Duffy is to be commended for his scholarly treatment of his materials. He holds his introduction to a brevity commensurate with the brevity of the collection. Possibly he has been over-generous with footnotes, though the excuse may be made for them that they were evidently prepared for the information of the layman, and that they do not give the impression of having been thrown in as a display of the editor's industry and erudition.

Paul R. Weidner

The Doctor To the Dead. By John Bennett. (New York: Rhinehart and Company, 1946. Pp. 260. \$2.50.)

While this collection of stories makes no claim to being history, it is none the less of that stuff that colors, flavors, and interprets it; for this is what many people half-imagined, half-believed concerning the events of the generations just before their own. So they will interpret for us, as does tradition, the sentiment, if not the actual sense, of recorded history.

Forty years ago, the author, already a trained reporter and a novelist of distinction, discovered the Low Country and its capital. Leading in the study and collection of folklore, folkways, and music, he helped to awaken others to a sense of their interest and importance. In his first years here he made invaluable contributions to the literature and the history of the region by publishing the first defining account of the Gullah dialect and by illustrating the life of the country in many articles, stories, poems, and a historical novel, *The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard*. Later he added to this field the legend of *Madame Margot* at the time that DuBose Heyward, Hervey Allen, and Josephine Pinckney first began to appear as a school of Charleston writers.

Always an over-conscientious workman, Mr. Bennett has at last given us these long-expected stories. Found at the turn of the century when the *on-dit* of the ante-bellum times had fermented into fable and folklore, they have the strength and the mellowness of properly aged wine. Like over-kept

Madeira, they and the likes of them have faded in the more literate but less believing times that have followed. We can be thankful that Mr. Bennett bottled them off at their prime and, more so, that he has now put them on our tables.

Samuel G. Stoney

ARTICLES AND DOCUMENTS

In "Robert Smith—First Bishop of South Carolina" (*Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, March, 1946), Bishop Albert S. Thomas has traced the career of the young Anglican clergyman who came to South Carolina in 1757 as assistant minister of St. Philip's Church, Charleston, quickly succeeded to the office of rector, and, after the Revolution, became the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina. Having served as a member of the original board of trustees and as the first principal of the College of Charleston, having organized the school which became the nucleus of its first student body, and having advanced from his private means the money necessary to repair its building, Bishop Smith, in the opinion of the author, should be regarded as the founder of that institution.

Anna Wells Rutledge, a member of this Society now serving on the staff of the Maryland Historical Society, has contributed to the April (1946) issue of *American Collector* an article entitled "Early Painter Rediscovered: William Wilson," which deals with one of the many artists who worked in Charleston during the middle period of the last century. Miss Rutledge is also the author of a study entitled "Portraits Painted before 1900 in the Collections of the Maryland Historical Society," which appears in the March (1946) number of the *Maryland Historical Magazine*.

There are a number of allusions to South Carolina's constitutional development during the period from 1776 to 1860 in an article by Fletcher M. Green, entitled "Democracy in the Old South," appearing in the February (1946) issue of *The Journal of Southern History*.

The reports of the University South Caroliniana Society for 1943 and 1944 contain respectively the annual address delivered on March 30, 1944, by Dr. Robert Wilson, entitled "Contributions of South Carolina Physicians to Science and Literature" and that of May 31, 1945, by Dr. D. D. Wallace entitled "President J. Rion McKissick's Donation of His Library to the University of South Carolina."

Herbert Aptheker has assembled, under the title, "South Carolina Negro Conventions, 1865," in *The Journal of Negro History* (January, 1946), a

number of petitions addressed by Negroes to the Constitutional Convention of 1865 and to the General Assembly of that year, asking for the rights and privileges of citizenship. The same author has also contributed to this issue of the *Journal* a petition to the Assembly, dated 1791, from certain free Negroes asking to be accorded the rights of citizens in legal proceedings.

The January (1946) number of the *Graniteville Bulletin* contains the script of a pageant prepared by Dr. D. D. Wallace to commemorate the establishment in 1845 of the Graniteville Company, the oldest existing cotton mill in South Carolina. The pageant was presented in Graniteville on December 14 and 15, 1945.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Meet Your Grandfather is the title of a series of sketches of the Hagood-Tobin family of Barnwell, Beaufort, Colleton, and Edgefield Counties which has been prepared for publication in the near future by General Johnson Hagood, a curator of this Society. General Hagood is depositing with the Society copies of the documents used in the compilation of his book.

Dr. D. D. Wallace is completing a one-volume abridgment of his exhaustive *History of South Carolina*, which appeared in 1934. Publication is expected within the next few months.

Dr. Wallace has also been at work on a study entitled *One Hundred Years of William Gregg and Graniteville*. This is to be published shortly by the Gregg Foundation.

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

The ninety-first annual meeting of the South Carolina Historical Society was held at the Fireproof Building on Tuesday, January 15, 1946. The following members were present: D. Huger Bacot, Nathaniel B. Barnwell, Mrs. John Bennett, Mrs. W. W. Boddie, Rev. H. D. Bull, E. Milby Burton, St. Julien R. Childs, J. H. Easterby, Mrs. J. Drayton Grimke, Gen. Johnson Hagood, Miss Elizabeth H. Jervey, Mrs. Charles L. Lyon, Miss Helen G. McCormack, William M. Means, B. Allston Moore, Miss Anne Porcher, Daniel Ravenel, W. Lucas Simons, Samuel G. Stoney, Bishop Albert S. Thomas, Mrs. T. R. Waring, Jr., Dr. William Way, and Mrs. William Way.

The Secretary reported a total of 340 members, an increase of fifteen since the last annual meeting. The new members include, in addition to those whose names have been listed in previous issues of the *Magazine*: Mrs. John A. Farrow, William Elliott Hutson, Burnet R. Maybank, J. V.

Nielson, Jr., Mrs. Martha L. Patterson, Miss Katherine D. M. Simons, William A. Waters (all of Charleston), and G. Leland Summer (Newberry, S. C.).

The Secretary also reported the following gifts not previously acknowledged in this Department: selections from the papers of Arthur Mazyck and a collection of pamphlets (from Miss Arabella S. Mazyck and family), miscellaneous manuscripts (from Miss Jane McCrady), letter of W. W. Bailey (from Whitman Bailey), photostat of a letter from Andrew Jackson to Robert Mills (from Miss Emma B. Richardson), *Memoirs of Madame de Lage* (from Miss Annie E. Wilson), a collection of pamphlets (from Dr. Joseph I. Waring), an engraving of Lachlan M'Intosh (from John Bennett), a desk made by the late General Henry Jervey (from Mrs. Henry Jervey), *A Guide to Manuscripts in the Wisconsin Historical Society* (from the Society), *Checklist of Pennsylvania Newspapers, I* (from the Pennsylvania Historical Commission), R. L. Meriwether, *The Expansion of South Carolina* (from the author), William R. Stackhouse, *The Stackhouse Family* (from the author and W. F. Stackhouse), Oscar G. T. Sonneck, *A Bibliography of Early Secular American Music* (from the Library of Congress), *Washington Street Methodist Church* (from W. S. Hendley), Jefferson Davis, *Scotland and the Scottish People* and a collection of maps (from Monroe F. Cockrell), *Year Books of St. John's Lutheran Church* (from W. S. Lanneau), J. B. Hubbell, *The Last Years of Henry Timrod* (from Duke University Press), *Cadet Life before the Mexican War* (from the United States Military Academy), G. G. Johnson, *Social History of the Sea Islands* (from Mrs. Etta C. Foster, E. A. Davis, *Plantation Life in the Florida Parishes of Louisiana* (from Columbia University Press), Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, *Mellowed by Time* (from Bostick and Thornley), C. S. Peterson, *Admiral John A. Dahlgren* (from the author), and *The Centennial Memorial of the Medical College of the State of South Carolina* (from the South Carolina Medical Society).

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. William Way, *president*; J. H. Easterby, John Bennett, Nathaniel B. Barnwell, and Samuel G. Stoney, *vice-presidents*; William M. Means, Miss Alice R. Huger Smith, Miss Anne K. Gregorie, E. Milby Burton, Robert N. S. Whitelaw, Mrs. John Bennett, General Johnson Hagood, B. Allston Moore, and Miss Helen G. McCormack, *curators*; and Miss Elizabeth H. Jervey, *secretary-treasurer and librarian*.

The Board of Trustees of School District No. 20, which comprises the city of Charleston, have deposited with the Society the minutes of their organization covering the century from 1812, when the state free school system was inaugurated, to 1913. The one gap in these extremely valuable

records, the ten years from August 11, 1834, to January 23, 1844, has been partially filled by copies of notices of the Board's activities which appeared in the local newspapers.

The Society has received, as a gift from Mrs. George R. Lunz, an interesting collection of stereopticon views of Fort Sumter taken after the Federal siege.

The Society has purchased from National Archives microcopies of the South Carolina population schedules originally prepared for the United States Census of 1830. These records give much information regarding the status of individuals residing in South Carolina at that time.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Homer M. Pace, vice-president of the South Carolina Power Company, the Society has acquired a large number of additional documents relating to the history of public utilities in the city of Charleston.

The South Carolina National Bank has presented to the Society a collection of plats of lands located chiefly in the South Carolina Low Country and the original of the list of subscribers to Michael Tuomey and Francis S. Holmes, *Pliocene Fossils of South Carolina* (Charleston, 1857).

The following applications for membership in the Society have been received since the last issue of the *Magazine*: Mrs. Frances E. Dantzler, Emmett Robinson, Mrs. L. C. Hendricks, Edwin J. Robinson, Thomas F. Koester (all of Charleston), Daniel S. Martin (LaGrange, Ga.), University of Kentucky (Lexington, Ky.), and Milwaukee Public Library (Milwaukee, Wis.).

OTHER HISTORICAL AGENCIES

The tenth annual meeting of the University South Caroliniana Society was held in Columbia on April 15. The annual address, entitled "Newspaper Sources of Regional History," was delivered by William B. Hesseltine, of the University of Wisconsin. The reports of the secretary and treasurer for 1943 and 1944 respectively, the printing of which had been delayed by the war, were issued a short time before the meeting. They announced the addition, during the two years, of 11,837 items to the South Carolinian Library. Outstanding among these are: 3,000 letters and papers of Milledge L. Bonham, late chief justice of South Carolina; eight letters of John C. Calhoun; three letters of Francis Marion; five letters of William Gilmore Simms; fourteen letters of Edward Rutledge; four letters of James

Colleton; and partial files of the *Camden Gazette*, the *Yorkville Enquirer*, and the *Orion* (a magazine published originally at Penfield, Ga., and later at Charleston).

The College of Charleston Library has announced the establishment of a department to be known as "College Archives." It will be the purpose of this department to preserve records of all kinds concerning the College, its trustees, faculty, other officers, and students. Its collections already include the non-current minutes of the board of trustees, of the faculty, and of certain student organizations and a large number of the private papers of the late professors Lewis R. Gibbes, Lancelot M. Harris, and Nathaniel W. Stephenson.

At a recent meeting of the Charleston Historical Commission, Daniel Ravenel and Col. Leonard A. Prouty were re-elected chairman and vice-chairman respectively. Other members reappointed by City Council are J. H. Easterby, E. Milby Burton, Dr. Joseph I. Waring, and Isaac M. Bryan.

The first annual meeting of the Dalcho Historical Society was held in Charleston on February 13, 1946. An address was delivered by W. H. Patterson.

The Executive Council of the Southern Historical Association has approved a plan for cooperation with business firms in establishing research fellowships or grants-in-aid for promoting historical studies of various types of business concerns in the Southern states.

REQUESTS FOR INFORMATION

Miss Emmy Jeanne Thomas Clement, of 6612 Andasol Ave., Van Nuys, Calif., desires to correspond with persons interested in the genealogy of the family of Daniel Crawford (died 1760).

The Alumni Association of the College of Charleston is compiling a record of every trustee, member of the faculty, and student who has served in the armed forces of the United States during any war. Applications for the proper forms should be addressed to Colonel Samuel Lapham, Chairman, Wars Roster Committee, College of Charleston, Charleston-10, S. C.

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